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Starting off the season at the Seawanhaka Yacht Club with a crew race against the Eastern Yacht Club sailors in Class S boats. The Marbleheadians won easily.

The Yachting Season Opens

Marblehead Yachtsmen Triumph Over Sound Sailors. Sizing Up the Six-Meter International Boats. Many Yachts Out.

BY the overwhelming score of 42 points to 20, a team of three crews representing the Eastern Yacht Club of Marblehead easily defeated three crews from the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club in a series of three races held in the Herreshoff "S" boats off Oyster Bay on May 29, 30 and 31.

The Eastern Y. C. crews were the guests of the Seawanhaka Corinthians, racing in Class S boats provided by the latter. The captains of the winning team, Messrs. C. F. Adams, Caleb Loring and Philip Benson, sailed their boats with consummate skill in waters strange to them, having a walkover against Captains Curtis, Bacon and Remington of the Seawanhakas. Three races were sailed, the rival skippers drawing for boats previous to each race. The usual system of scoring was used, a point for every boat defeated plus a point for sailing the course.

The race on Thursday, May 29th, was sailed in a light, fluky wind, accompanied by a cold rain. The three skippers of the Eastern team finished first, second and fourth respectively, giving them a nice lead in the series of 14 points to 7.

Friday's race was sailed in half a gale of wind from the northwest, and resulted in a clean sweep for the Easterners, Skippers Loring, Adams, Benson, Bacon, Curtis and Remington finishing in the order named. The score for the second day was 15 to 5 and total score 29 to 12.

A whole sail breeze sent the boats over a ten mile course in fast time in the third race, on Saturday, and for the third successive time Caleb Loring won, with Charley Adams second. Curtis, Smith, Benson and Bacon followed them in, the score for the day being 13 to 8 in favor of the Marblehead crews, and 42 to 20 for the series of three races.

The winning Marblehead crew, which took all three of the races. Left to right, Samuel Eliot, Caleb Loring (skipper), Samuel Vaughan.

She was built by Donald McKay, and it is said that for perfection of design, weatherliness and consistent speed under every condition, the Flying Cloud was never surpassed.

The Six Meters off in a bunch at the first series sailed off Oyster Bay, May 29th, 30th and 31st. The new boats shown here are, *Iris*, No. 25; *Madcap*, No. 21; *Firefly*, No. 23; and *Paumonok*, No. 24.

Later on in the season it is probable that the Oyster Bay sailors will endeavor to redeem themselves in a return match sailed at Marblehead, using Class S boats provided by Eastern Y. C. members.

Sizing Up Our Six-Meter Fleet

Eight new 6-meter boats have been built this year in hopes of "making" the team of four boats which will meet four British craft in the International Races to be held by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club off Oyster Bay early in September. Ten of the older boats will try conclusions with their newer sisters, making a fleet of eighteen craft from which to pick a winning team.

In the few races sailed to date only one of the new boats has done anything to enthuse over. This craft, *Heron*, designed by Clinton H. Crane for his own use, has proven a flier in strong breezes, and fairly good in moderate weather. With further tuning up she will be a hard boat to keep off the team.

Two new boats designed by F. M. Hoyt—*Madcap*, owned by H. L. Maxwell, and *Firefly*, owned by R. D. Boardman and E. T. Irvin—have been fairly consistent performers, without having done anything startling. *Natka*, another Hoyt-designed boat, owned by Henry B. Plant, has started but once, making an indifferent showing. *Paumonok*, designed by H. J. Gielow for a syndicate of Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. members, proved good in light weather, but very tender in a breeze. Alterations to her keel are expected to improve her greatly. *Iris*, designed by Herreshoff for W. A. W. Stewart, went very poorly in several races. Considerable changes will have to be made in her before she can be figured in the running.

Of the older boats, *Lea* is still up to her old form, a ghost in light weather and dangerous at all times. *Priscilla* seems to be going better than ever, is a witch in moderate weather and always hard to beat. *Clytie* won the series of three races sailed recently at Oyster Bay, and is one of the most consistent performers in the fleet, regardless of weather conditions. *Grebe* is still a sterling performer in a breeze, but has done poorly in light weather. *Question*, ex-*Undertaker*, placed third in the only race in which she started, a moderate weather tryout. *Montauk* and *Glimt*, ex-*Hawk*, have hardly shown enough speed to merit serious consideration.

Two new boats and three old ones are yet to be heard from. The first of the new ones was designed by Frank

Left — *Madcap*, owned by Henry L. Maxwell, has been a consistent performer so far, without showing anything startling.

Right — *Paumonok*, the Seawanhaka Syndicate boat, has done well in light breezes in her early races.

Socking It to Them. Start of the Larchmont one-design O Class at the opening race of the season at the Harlem Yacht Club.

C. Paine for his own use, and the second by William Gardner for Mitchell Hoyt. *Colleen*, ex-*Cygnet*, *Acco*, ex-*Saki*, and *Bally-Hoo* are the older craft which have not raced so far this year, but which will soon be out to make trouble for the rest. When the late comers arrive and all the new boats get properly tuned up there will be the keenest kind of racing to see who will have the honor of being on the American team which will endeavor to clean up the British team in September.

***Maisie*, after she carried away her mast shortly after the start of the race shown above.**

Eastern Yacht Club Program

THE Eastern Yacht Club of Marblehead, one of the most active clubs east of Cape Cod, has mapped out an ambitious campaign for 1924. Serial races have been planned for no less than twelve different classes, nine races being scheduled in three series of three races each. An ocean race from New London to Marblehead will be staged on June twenty-first for yachts over 46 feet rating enrolled in any organized yacht club, for prizes offered by Captain Harold S. Vanderbilt.

The annual cruise starts on July fifth, the boats proceeding from Marblehead to Provincetown, Mattapoisett, Vineyard Haven, Newport, Great Salt Pond, and ending at New London on July eleventh. Match races with the Royal Canadian Yacht Club will be held the week of July twenty-first, and the Junior Championship for the Sears Cup will be held the week of August eighteenth. Races for the R Class will be held on Sunday mornings during July and August if enough boats signify their intention of starting.

Altogether it is going to be a busy season. The regatta committee consists of James C. Gray, chairman, Henry W. Belknap, John B. Fallon, Parker W. Kemble and Philip R. Morss.

Linton Rigg is betting that *Filatonga* will whale the daylights out of *Diablesse* in the Bermuda Race, and is now writing new words to the old song, "Has anybody here seen Kelly?"

Look out, Lint, or they'll make you sing it at the big dinner at Bermuda.

Close quarters in the Six-Meter Class. Left to right, *Iris*, *Lea* and *Clytie*. So far the older boats have more than held their own this season.

The Fortunes of War

How the "Tora Maru" Poached on the Trochus Shell in the Carolines, and What Befell Thereby

By Weston Martyr

HAVE you heard the yarn about Swaine and his crowd and the game they played down in the Carolines? They're a pretty tough lot, those Bonin Islanders, take them by and large, but this particular crowd, especially Swaine, their skipper, were *the* goods. The Bonin people were all right once, I suppose; just ordinary South Sea Islanders, with a dash of Jap thrown in maybe. But the trouble is that the old whalers used to call in at the Bonins to get grub and water and things, and those old birds must have done themselves proud when they got ashore, for they certainly have left their mark behind them; for everyone down there to this day has got a name like Webb or Smith or Allen or something like that. Good English and Yankee names, every blessed one of them, but the beggars that wear them are great big, brown half-castes, with most of the

"Swaine only had to drop his hook off any of the little villages to start the breech blocks rattling ashore."

wickedness and a few of the virtues of their white forefathers—and *they* weren't saints to start with.

But the Bonin people are mighty good sailormen and good shots, too. The sealing schooners used to be full of them, and the best sea-otter hunters ever hatched were Bonin Island men. And I tell you you've got to be a mighty fine shot to hit a sea-otter on the head at three or four hundred yards, standing in the bow of a seal-boat bobbing about. His head's just the size of a wet cat's, and he only stays up for a second or two; and if you don't hit him right on the head he sinks—for good—and that's a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars you've lost.

But that's sea-otter hunting, and what I wanted to tell you about was this bird Swaine and his crowd, and what the Germans did to them and what they did to the Germans. Down in the Carolines it was, a long way from home for Swaine; but he'd made things too hot for him on his regular grounds and was looking for a change of air. He'd poached, or tried to, on every seal rookery in the Bering Sea, and he'd given up changing his schooner's name, for those Russians could tell the *Tora Maru's* topsails as soon as they stuck up over the horizon; and I guess he found it was useless calling her the *Mary Rose* or the *Elias P. Fleischhacker* and things like that, when even the seals would dive when they saw that long, cocked-up jibboom come poking around a corner.

At the last every man in the Kuriles and on the Kamchatka coast knew the *Tora Maru* as far as he could see her, and Swaine only had to drop his hook off any one of those little villages along there to start the breech-blocks rattling ashore. You see, things weren't safe when Swaine and his lot came knocking around; and many a hunter had lost his season's catch of skins through dealings with the *Tora's* crowd. Swaine called it trading, but the people he did his trades with called him a bloody pirate and worse.

The last thing he did was to raid the big rookery on Copper Island. He ran the *Tora* in there, in a fog, and had a boat's crew ashore clubbing seals as fast as they could lick, when the guards dropped onto them and began to shoot without asking questions. Swaine and his bunch got to their boat all right—it's hard to hit a running man—but they made a peach of a target, as soon as they started to row, which even those Russians couldn't miss. So Swaine finished up alongside the *Tora* with nobody pulling but him, and he only sculling with the steering oar. He'd a bullet in his leg, all hands had holes in them somewhere, three of them dead and the boat full of blood.

After that he took the *Tora* home and rested his leg. It was then he heard of this Trochus business in the Carolines. You know what a Trochus is—a big, brown shell, like a top, with the inside all pearly and shiny, and a fish or a snail, or whatever it is that lives in shells, inside it that weighs about a pound. But it isn't the meat you want, it's the shell, for they buy it to make buttons of—mother-of-pearl buttons they call them, but it isn't pearl, of course, it's Trochus. It must make pretty good buttons, though, for it used to sell in Kobe at Yen .500—say $250 a ton, and that's money.

The shells live on reefs down South, where it's warm, in five to six fathoms, and the only way to get them is to dive and pick them off the bottom. You don't find them everywhere, though, not by any means. The depth and the current and the coral and all have got to be just right or you won't find one.

Before you can load the shells you've got to let them rot out on the beaches where the sun and the crabs can get at them. I tell you, it's wise to keep to wind'ard while they're rotting, for—phoo-ee! they smell. If you buried a dead man under the lee of a pile of that stuff he'd claw his way out of there in a hurry and start running for Hell—to try for a breath of fresh air. You can fairly *see* the reek of it, but the crabs seem to like it and if one of them gets a sniff he'll swim a hundred miles to get his share, till the piles just creep and crawl with them. They make a good job of it, too, for in five or six weeks the shell will be all bleached and as clean as a bone, and then you can handle it.

When the Spaniards owned the Carolines it used to be a pretty good game to take a schooner down there with a crew of divers and fill her up with the shell. If you struck a good reef you'd get 30 or 40 tons in about four months, which wasn't so bad; and a decent sort of a life, too—if the sharks didn't get you. But the thing that started Swaine off on this particular lay was some news he got from a cousin of his called Webb, who'd been down in the Carolines after the Germans had bought the group.

In the Spaniards' time there were too many schooners down there after the shell, and most of the reefs were getting to be pretty well fished clean. *They* didn't care who fished as long as their trading licenses were paid; but, according to Webb, the Germans had altered all that. When they got hold of the Islands one of the first things they did was to get the shell business in shape and working properly. They sold the whole blamed fishery to one firm and no one else was allowed to get a shell. They got a real professor out from Germany to run things for them, and he fixed it so that after the largest shells had been picked from a reef, that reef wasn't touched again for about six years, to give the shell a chance to grow. They'd a steamer with fancy diving suits and air-pumps and all, and did the thing in style—so Webb said, and he ought to know, for he'd been a diver in her.

Webb told Swaine how that steamer would anchor off a reef that had been kept till it was ripe, and she'd send her divers down and they'd find the coral just crawling with Trochus. Thick they were, and he'd seen nothing like it, he said, in the old schooner days, when you dived in your naked skin and nearly burst, staying below for a minute to get four shells, maybe. But the way the Germans had things fixed you just went down, comfortable and easy in a nice diving suit, and fairly scooped the stuff into baskets, and no trouble at all, the shell lay that thick.

Well, Webb had a dandy scheme all right, and he put it straight up to Swaine. He said that the reef on Satawan was just about ripe, as it hadn't been fished for years. With ten or twelve good divers he reckoned they could fill the *Tora* in less than a month. When Swaine figured it out, he saw a small fortune just waiting to be picked up down there in the Carolines, and he got mighty interested. That shell stows big—about 60 feet to the ton—but the *Tora's* a lump of a thing and Swaine judged he could take about 40 tons weight of shell aboard if he gave her a bit of a deckload. Forty tons at $250 a ton is $10,000, and if you show a chap like Swaine where a lump of money that size is knocking about, he's bound to have a go for it.

Webb said the only snag was the smell. You see, they'd have to stow the shells aboard as soon as they got them, for they couldn't afford to wait till they rotted out on the beach. The thing had to be done quick or the chances were the Germans would drop onto them. Now, Webb knew what a rotten Trochus could smell like, so he was a bit doubtful about the scheme on that account—but on that account alone. But Swaine wasn't worried about any smell. He said it would take a lot of stink to keep him off $10,000, and what *he* wanted to know was, didn't the Germans watch those nicely preserved reefs of theirs? Webb said they did keep an eye on them, of course, but they needed about 10,000 eyes to do the job properly, and he showed Swaine a chart of the Carolines to prove it. And when Swaine saw that chart, with Satawan just one small dot at the sou'west end of the group, which is scattered about over 100,000 square miles of ocean, he laughed and agreed that one schooner more or less down there would take a lot of finding.

Then Webb came out with a bit of news which he said made the whole thing a cinch. He'd got a large scale chart of Satawan, which is a regular South Sea atoll. You know the kind of a place—they're mostly all the same. Just a big, calm lake in the middle of the sea, with a thin line of reef around it, and strung all along on the reef are little low islets, with cocoanut palms and bits of bush sticking up. Queer places, and if you stand on one of those islets you see the lagoon on one side of you, all calm and shining and quiet; then—turn your head—and there's the ocean, blue and big and heaving, with the breakers slamming down on the beach, one after the other, and rushing up at you, white and roaring and angry-like, till you wonder if that narrow bit of land will stand the hammering much longer.

Well, anyhow, Satawan's like that. It's a big lagoon, nearly 20 miles long by 7 wide, and according to the charts there's only one entrance into it, through a break in the reef at the western end. At the other end the reef is low, and on parts of it the breakers come right over and wash into the lagoon. Webb said that, while he was diving there, he had found a new passage through one of these low places that was deep enough for a schooner of the *Tora's* draft to use. The tide running strong made the sea break in the channel, so it didn't look like a passage at all; but Webb swore it was a straight cut through the reef with nothing less than four fathoms in it.

Webb's idea was to take the *Tora* into the lagoon and anchor her close to the new back door he'd found. Then, if that German steamer *did* chance to come down on them,

"Leave it alone and stand by for orders."

what would happen was this: the Germans would sight the *Tora's* masts, and not being fools, would tumble to it that she was skimming the cream off one of their pet reefs, so they'd steam off to the entrance to bottle that up and catch the *Tora* in the trap. And then they'd come down the lagoon, slow and comfortable, to collect scalps. You see, you can't go tearing around at full speed in those lagoons. They are full of coral-heads and patches of reef, and the only way to navigate them is careful, and from aloft with the sun high and behind you.

Webb had it all worked out to a second. His idea was to wait till the steamer was out of sight, making for the main entrance, and then to take the schooner to sea through his new passage. He showed how the steamer was old and slow and six knots was all she could do; so, by the time the *Tora* put to sea, the Germans would be about ten miles from the main entrance; then he'd have 15 miles slow work down the lagoon, and by then, with luck, the *Tora'd* be out of sight. Even if she wasn't, the steamer would have that 15 miles to make going back, which would put her about

30 miles from the schooner when she got to the entrance again. And Webb had it all figured out how it would be dark before the steamer could sight the *Tora* then, and how there'd not be a chance in a hundred of catching her. When Swaine had got onto this, and figured it all out for himself, he was tickled to death with the scheme and got busy at once.

He collected ten of his uncles and cousins and nephews and such—they're all relations in the Bonins—picking the men who could dive the best, which was easy, for those chaps all swim like fish from birth. He got them aboard the *Tora* and they started off—a hard-boiled crowd if ever there was one. And each of them felt as sure of getting his share of that $10,000 as if he had got his hooks into it already, so all hands were feeling good. They reckoned to take less than three months before they got back again, and then they were going to clean the shell and take it to Kobe to sell.

It's 1,600 miles from the Bonins to Satawan. At first they stood to the east'ard, in light and variable airs, till, somewhere near Marcus Island, they picked up the northeast Trades, and from then on the *Tora* walked south with a bone in her teeth. On the eighteenth day they passed the place where Dunkin Shoal is supposed to be (even the charts are a bit hazy about it), but sighted nothing, and the trade veered to the east'ard and freshened, so the schooner reached along in great shape. The twentieth day out they saw what looked like a row of little, black pins, sticking up out of the water away off on their weather bow. Webb was aloft in the fore spreaders and after a bit he said the pins were cocoanut trees on Satawan; so they bore up in a hurry, and putting the schooner on the wind they closed in with the land.

None of that crowd except Webb had seen an atoll before. They were used to the high, rocky islands up north, so this narrow thread of land in the middle of all that water didn't look real to them at all. They looked at the big, blue swells thumping down all white and growling on the bit of a beach, and it made them think the next big one would wash the whole business away. They could see the lagoon inside, through the stems of the cocoanut trees, all calm and quiet, and they thought it a mighty queer sort of a place, but kind of good to look at, at that.

There's not much breadth about an atoll, but it makes up for that in length. The *Tora* sailed along that narrow line of land for hours, with all hands looking over the rail at the palms and surf and things, and the lagoon water shining through the trees and colored like the inside of a pearl shell, very pretty to see—specially if you've been out a long time like they had. It was evening when the flood tide, making through the narrow entrance, carried the schooner into the lagoon. So they anchored, waiting for daylight. And when that came there was the big lake and the palm trees and the *Tora* and nothing else at all. Swaine took a look at it and said it had all the signs of a pretty fine trap, and the sooner they got the shell aboard and cleared out of it, the better.

So they hove up their hook and Webb, from aloft, conned the schooner down the lagoon; twenty miles of it, all coral-heads and shoals, and it kept them on the jump. But it's easy enough when you're used to it—and Webb was. So they got her down to the loo'ard end all right and anchored with the reef lying close aboard. The reef's low there, and there aren't any trees, and in places the breakers slide right over and muck up the lagoon with froth.

They got a boat over at once and Webb stuck his head in a glass-bottomed bucket to take a look at the coral below. After a bit he said there was large shell there—lots of it. As far as he could see the place hadn't been touched for years. But a couple of them dived over, to make sure, and presently they came up grinning with a couple of big shells each, and they said the bottom was just lousy with them.

The *Tora* carried her four sealing boats. They were just the thing for diving from, so they got them afloat and started work at once—three divers to a boat. The proper way to work it is for two men to dive and fill their baskets on the bottom. Then they come up, hang alongside and have a puff at a pipe their mate keeps lighted for them. While they are having a breather, the third man hauls up the baskets and dumps the shell in the boat. After a bit, down they go again and get another lot. When a man gets tired, he climbs aboard and his mate dives in his turn. Working like that you have two men diving and one resting all the time, and it doesn't take long to fill a boat if the shell lies thick and close, like it did there.

When they got a load they'd scull alongside the schooner and Webb and Swaine would stow the shell in the hold. What with tending the boats and the men, and stowing the shell and cooking and taking a run aloft between whiles to see if that German was coming along, those two were kept busy. It was hard work for all hands, for the matter of that, and when it got dark they'd all be done to a turn —the whole twelve of them. But at break o' day they'd go at it again. Working like that, they began to fill the schooner fast.

Webb took the dinghy out the first day and sounded along the reef till he found his passage. It was there all right, although you wouldn't have thought so because of the breakers all along; but the least depth he got with the lead was four fathoms, which was enough for the *Tora* if ever she had to use it. So they put up leading marks ashore to make all safe, and went ahead with the diving, feeling good.

After a bit the shell in the hold began to rot. It was bad enough at first, but in a day or so it fairly talked, and the whiff that came up from the hold was enough to blind you. It got worse and worse, till even that crowd of toughs couldn't stand it; so they made a camp ashore and ate and slept in that. Whenever they had a load of shell to stow aboard the schooner, they'd dump it in from the wind'ard side and row away blue in the face and choking. It was a good thing they were used to holding their breath under water, for that was the only way they could go down into the hold to stow the shell. It made a powerful stink all right and turned the *Tora's* brass-work black. Swaine began to think that if any Germans passed a hundred miles or so to loo'ard the reek would give the game away and bring them down on him. But they stuck to the job in spite of all and the schooner's hold filled fast. And all the time the smell got worse and worse. It got so bad at last that if one of them got a lungful by mistake—he'd be sick at his stomach.

Well, in three weeks, what with working a fourteen-hour day and every day, they filled the *Tora* up, sealed the hold as tight as they could, battened down the hatches and even caulked them. They washed her down and threw the clothes they'd worked in overboard; but in spite of it all that awful stench just oozed out of every seam and they wondered if they'd be able to stick it out and sail the schooner home. The crowd was all for getting away to sea at once, but Swaine didn't see it. He said they could easily take another five tons on deck and the smell couldn't get any worse than it was. To sail then, without that five tons, was like throwing $1,200 away—and he couldn't do that.

So, after a lot of argument and Swaine knocking seven bells out of two of his uncles who argued too much, they started in again to dive for their deck load—which was a mistake. For the very next day they sighted smoke away

to the west'ard. Swaine called in the boats at the first go-off, hove up short and made all clear for sailing. Webb went aloft with the glasses and as soon as the steamer's funnel and masts showed up, he made her out to be his old friend, all right.

By this time the crew were worried a bit, but Swaine didn't turn a hair You see, it was 10 o'clock when they sighted the smoke, so the steamer couldn't get up to the island till noon. By the time she could get to the main entrance, down the lagoon and back up it again, and out to sea after the *Tora,* it would be 8 o'clock—and dark. He worked it out on the log slate for the crowd and after they'd all had a look at the figures, it wasn't long before they saw the joke of the thing, and lined up at the schooner's rail, laughing and watching the steamer coming up, smoking but slow, on the other side of the reef. She altered her course, having sighted the schooner likely, and was heading straight for her.

She came right on until she was about half a mile from the reef and then she went astern all at once and anchored. This set the *Tora's* crowd aback a bit till Swaine showed them that the longer the steamer kept fooling around outside, the better the *Tora's* chances were. He even got out the code flags and the signal book to keep the beggars in talk, he said, but the sight of a whacking big whale-boat being lowered away on the German made even Swaine a bit anxious about what was going to happen.

But what *did* happen surprised him all right, for the whale-boat headed straight for the reef, made a handsome job of it coming through the breakers, and came along, clean through the middle of Webb's secret passage, as nice as you like. She was bung full of men and every one of them had a gun; and the whole boat load burst out laughing, as they ran alongside the schooner, at the sight of the *Tora's* crowd, with their eyes bulging out and their mouths all open—too surprised to say a word—even Swaine, and that's a bit of a marvel as you'd say if you knew him.

Well, there they were. Caught with the goods—properly jiggered, in fact, and no use grousing. Swaine put a dandy head on Webb that night, before the Germans could stop him. He was mad about the secret passage, which turned out not so secret after all; but Webb didn't know the Germans had had a surveying ship round all those islands after he'd left—and he wasn't to blame.

Next day the steamer came down the lagoon and the skipper had Swaine aboard; and he thanked him, sarcastic-like, for the trouble he'd saved him by cleaning up Satawan reef. He said he would tow the *Tora* to Yap, where the Governor would seize her—and the shell. Then he had the *Tora's* sails unbent and sent them, and her four boats as well, aboard the steamer. He took her running rigging out and gutted her of most everything. About all he left aboard was the crew and the shells—and the smell. He wanted to leave a guard, too, but his men near mutinied at that, for they wouldn't face the passage along with the stink, so he had to make sure as best he could that Swaine and his lot didn't give him the slip. They shackled a 4-inch wire, however, to the *Tora's* bitts, and started to tow. Swaine was that mad he tried to pile the schooner up on the reef as they passed the entrance, but the strain on the tow was too much for him and the *Tora* just scraped through.

It's about 700 miles from Satawan to Yap, and for the first day or two the *Tora's* crowd did all they knew to give that steamer trouble. They started by steering wild and sheering the schooner about, which pulled the German out of his course and slowed him up a lot, till he sent back a boat and disconnected the steering gear. Then Swaine made a drag of his booms and gaffs and most of his standing wire rigging as well. When he got it towing over the stern one night it just about stopped the steamer. But the Germans attended to that as soon as they found out what was wrong. After that Swaine gave it up, for, to tell the truth, the smell of the shell began to be more than even he could stand and before the passage was over, if he'd had his sails he'd have set them to help things along. As it was, he was *that* anxious to get ashore quick, he fixed up the steering gear again and followed the steamer as close as he could this time—the smell had him that tamed.

It took them a week to get to Yap. By then the smell had nearly killed the *Tora's* crowd and they were so anxious to get clear of it they would have cheerfully served a spell in jail, or anywhere else, so long as the Germans only let them off the schooner.

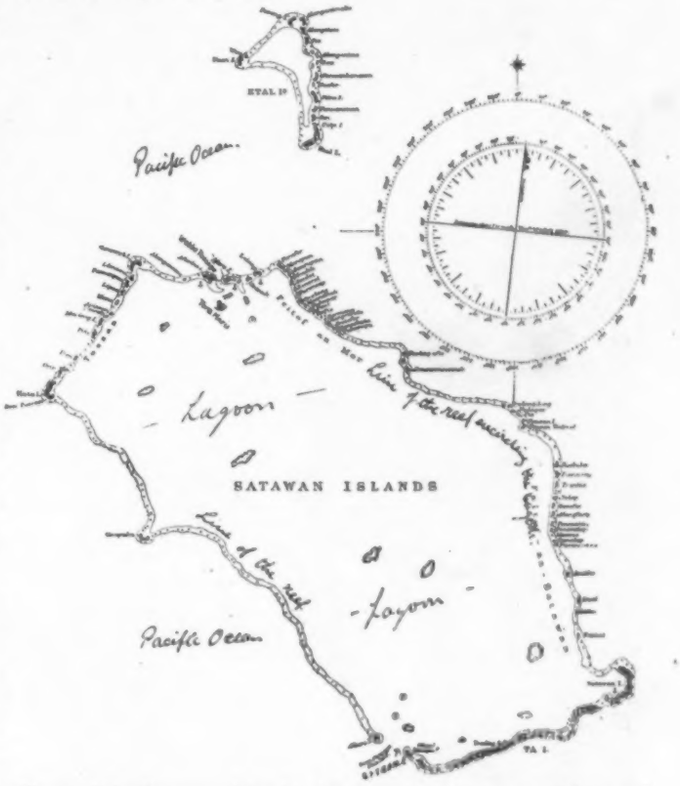
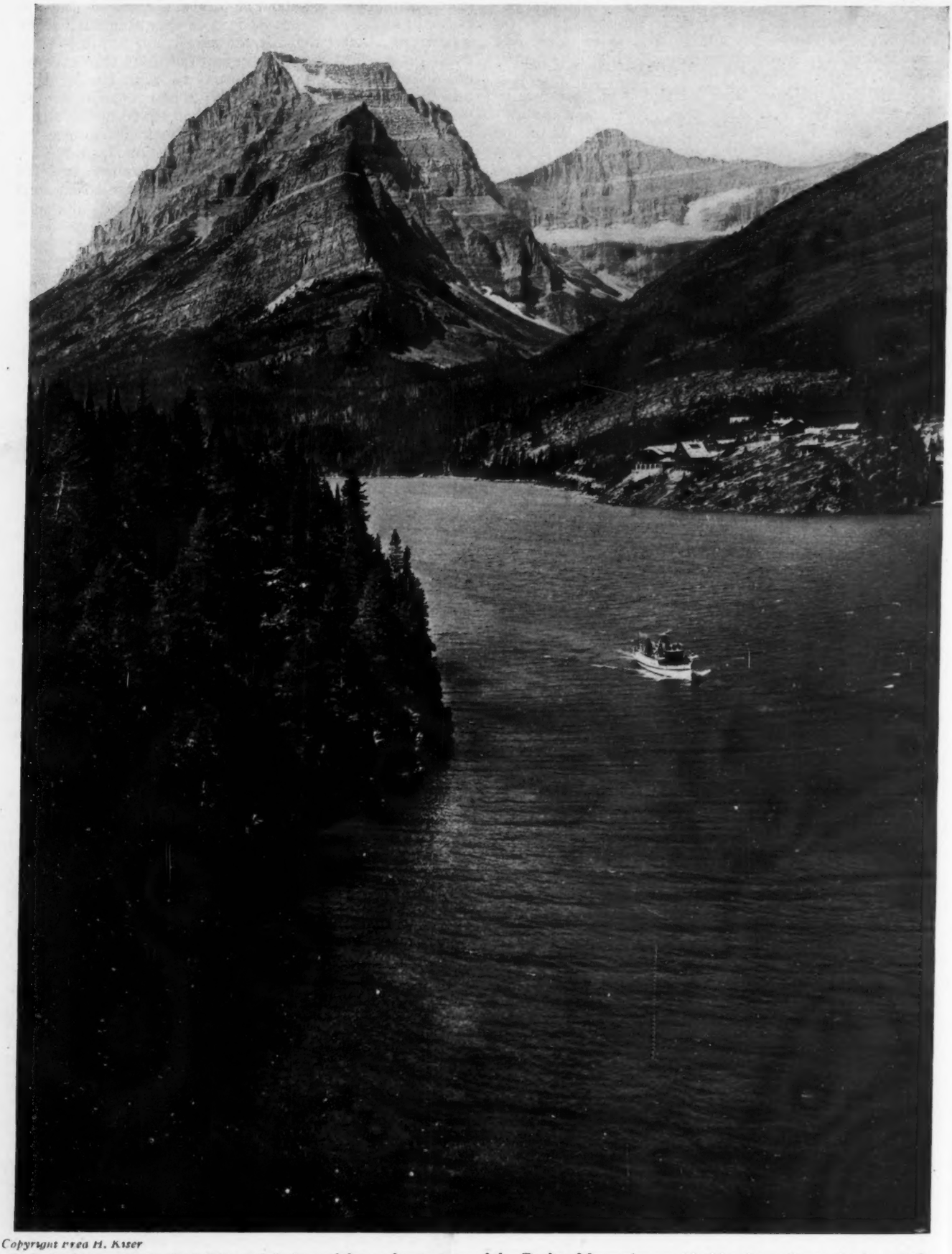


Chart of the Satawan Islands, showing main entrance at the south end and Webb's passage and anchorage at the northwest end.

The steamer towed them right up to the northern end of the harbor and moored them there, well away from the houses. Then they took Swaine ashore to see the Governor. *He* was a big, fat lump of a man who liked his comforts, for he lived in a fine, crack-up bungalow, built right over the shore. When they marched Swaine in to him he was having his tiffin, as comfortable as you like, on a broad veranda place, built right over the water with the trade wind blowing through it and keeping him cool while he waded into his grub. He kept Swaine standing there while he was eating—and that was a long time. As Swaine looked out at the *Tora,* anchored in the bay, and then at the bottles and all on the Governor's table, and at that fat man jerking back his food and talking nasty, he began to feel mad. And when the Governor called him a black thief between mouthfuls it took five men to keep Swaine from wrecking that tiffin—and the Governor, too. You can call a Bonin man a thief and get away with it—sometimes; but if you tell him he's black, stand by for trouble.

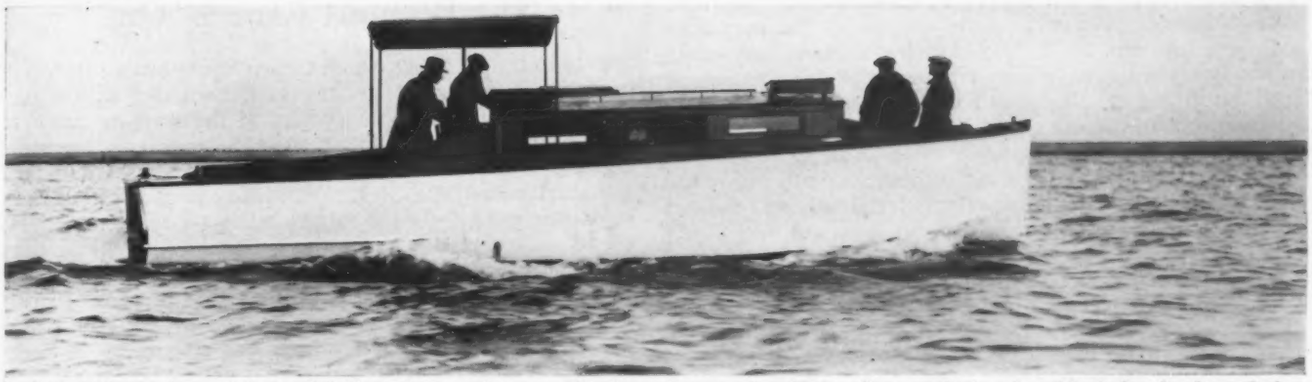
So they had to make Swaine fast to a veranda post to keep him quiet while the Governor finished his tiffin, slow and sure, and lay back in his big cane chair—and talked.

(*Continued on page* 68)



Copyright 1924 H. Kiser

Lake St. Mary, Glacier Park. Many of the larger lakes and waterways of the Rocky Mountains are ideal for these ofmotor boats amid scenery unsurpassed anywhere. With the smaller boats the matter of shipping them to some point on the many connecting strings of lakes in the mountains is simple.



A little 32-footer for cruising and fishing, that can be run with the minimum of upkeep. She was designed and built by the Great Lakes Boat Building Corp.

Stocking Up for the Cruise

Some Hints on Overhauling Your Gear and Equipping the Little Ship to Get the Most Comfort and Fun Out of a Long Cruise

By Samuel Wetherill

THE average owner of a cruising boat, whether he be a windjammer, a power boatman or the proud skipper of an up-to-date auxiliary, uses his craft principally for afternoon sailing, with an occasional all-day trip à la lunch basket. His boat, sails and rigging are in pretty fair shape for this kind of work. But suppose he decides that he will take a real cruise this season, say a trip of a week or two. Is his craft, and her equipment, in the right shape for an extended trip?

Probably not. Certain things, unused in day sailing, have been neglected, and will need a thorough going over. He'll have to do a bit of coastwise navigation, some night sailing, quite a bit of cooking, and can look forward to striking fog and heavy weather. Conditions which he had forgotten all about while casually knocking around are sure to be met with. So, before starting out on his cruise, he should use the old bean a bit and see what's necessary to do aboard the good ship in anticipation of a thoroughly enjoyable cruise.

The first thing to make sure of is the safety of the ship; so after seeing that sails and rigging are in good shape, let's look to our ground tackle. Two good anchors, at least, there should be, with plenty of scope of chain or cable for each. If manila, it should be carefully gone over and examined for rot and chafed spots. Chafing gear should be provided, and used liberally, both where the cable goes through the chock and where it will strike the bobstay when the boat swings across the tide.

In power craft, steering cables should be gone over carefully, especially where they run through the sheaves. Any accident to the steering gear in close quarters may easily result in serious trouble.

Many craft tow their tenders. If so, a long towing painter should be provided in addition to the regular painter —and the tender will tow far better if this extra painter is made fast to a ringbolt in the tender's stem just above the water line than it will if it is attached inside or on the steemhead.

If the boat is an auxiliary or a power boat, everything about the power plant should be put into first-class shape. Tanks, fuel lines and strainers should be thoroughly cleaned out—water makes poor fuel, and any dirt or scale in the tank is sure to cause trouble as soon as the boat begins to pitch and roll a bit. All electric equipment should be overhauled, batteries recharged, and extra wiring, spark plugs, fuses and bulbs held ready for emergency.

Now we come to the galley. The success of any cruise depends on the kind of chow you get. So pay a lot of attention to your galley equipment and the food which you stock up with—it will be time and energy well spent.

The stove, if a coal range, must be well cleaned out, including the stove pipe and "Charley Noble," or the stove won't draw right—and a stove which draws badly is certainly a curse. Plenty of coal, wood or charcoal should be carried to start with, as they are not always easily procurable. Stoves using kerosene, alcohol or gasoline *must* be kept absolutely clean, or they are certain to give trouble. A study of the operating instructions which come with every type of stove using liquid fuel will pay handsome dividends in the way of well-cooked grub and freedom from trouble. And don't forget the needles or wires for keeping the burner free of carbon. They are hard to get in most small ports.

Next comes your ice box. Scour it out with boiling water and soda, for a foul ice box will contaminate whatever fresh food goes into it, and is a decidedly unhealthy thing to have aboard, besides. See that the lid, or door, fits snugly, or there will be an unnecessary loss of ice. Clean out the drain pipe—and do the same to the sink if you have one.

Check up on all galley gear—see that you have plenty of pots, pans, plates, cups, bowls and eating tools—a few spares will come in handy. Don't forget to take along plenty of dish towels and a knife sharpener—sandpaper or emery cloth will do in a pinch.

Fresh food and canned goods may be stocked according to taste. But don't forget to have plenty of "tin Willie," canned soup, beans, pilot biscuit, crackers, onions, potatoes and bacon—they will keep perfectly, and you'll always be sure of a pretty fair meal even though your fresh stuff gives out. And take along a couple of thermos bottles for coffee in the mid-watch.

Water is even more important than food. Clean out tanks thoroughly before filling with fresh water. But don't rely on your tank. Have a reserve supply for emergencies in bottles or jugs. They will come in mighty handy when the tank water gets low, and are easy to fill when you are not in a locality which boasts a filling station.

In addition to a full supply of cushions and blankets, take along enough oilers and sou'westers so that each man will have his own. A couple of pairs of boots may come in handy on some long, rainy run, especially if your cruise is in the spring or fall. Wet feet don't amount to much in summer, but in the off seasons, when the air is zippy and the water cold—not so good.

Go over your entire lighting equipment, both inside the boat and out. Electric light systems frequently suffer from corrosion, burned out bulbs, etc., so overhaul everything and carry plenty of spare bulbs along. Flashlights are a great convenience, so be sure and have a couple, with plenty of extra batteries and bulbs.

If you use oil lights, give them a good cleaning, and see that the wicks are plenty long enough. Go over your anchor light and running lights and see that the bottoms won't jar out. Take along spare wicks and chimneys—and be sure they're the right size.

Take a lot of pains about stowage. There is never any too much room aboard a small boat, and still less if your stowage is sloppy. But there are plenty of small nooks and corners in lockers and on shelves where seldom-used articles may be snugly stowed so that they will be out of the way, yet handy. Have your spare mudhook and cable in the forepeak where you can get at them—and when you are anchored for the night, if the weather looks at all doubtful, get it out on deck, ready for business—for if you need it, you'll need it mighty quick if you are to avert possible disaster.

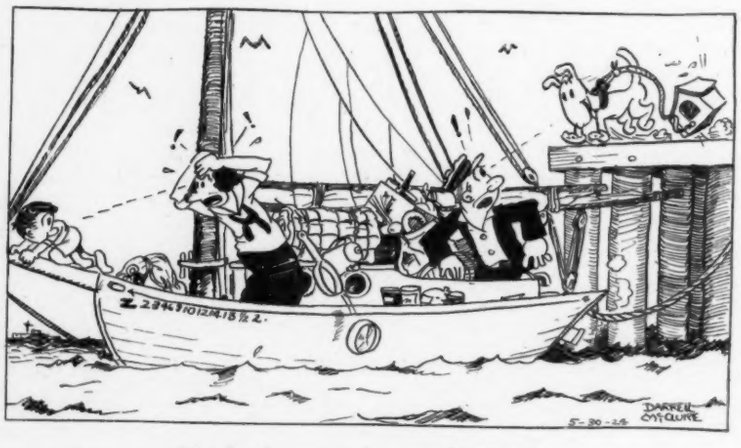
When you get under way, see that *everything* is secure, particularly in the galley. I have found that old newspapers are fine to wedge in pots, pans, crockery, glasses, etc. See that your water bottles or jugs are properly corked and placed where they won't upset—and don't forget that there is nothing more exasperating and disagreeable than to have kerosene floating around in the bilge—you never get rid of the smell.

Fresh vegetables and fruit should be stowed where it is cool and airy—if they aren't, they'll quickly mould and rot. Adopt some system of stowage for your canned stuff, so that you can find the beans or the soup without digging through a stack of sardines and canned fruit.

Are you a radiophan? If so, and you have a small, compact set, it's simple enough to take it along and set it up if you have space enough. It's easy to hang an aerial up in the rigging, or use an inside loop, and you can fasten your ground wire to your shaft or keel bolts, or drop it out of a port hole into the water. Radio will provide entertainment for you wherever you may drop your hook, and the weather reports may come in mighty handy, too.

The foregoing are a few of the things to figure on before you start out on your cruise. In another article in this issue you'll find some timely advice about the navigation end. Combine the dope, and you'll be on the right track towards a safe, sane and enjoyable trip.

Here's wishing you good weather and good luck!



Merely the start of a two-days' cruise.

The Bermuda Race is "On"

Due to the fact that we go to press just before the Bermuda Race we shall be unable, in this number of YACHTING, to publish any photographs of the start or news in connection with the sailing of the race. However, it seems certain, at this writing, that from 16 to 18 craft will face the starter on June 21st. While this is a few less than went last year, the field in general looks faster, so there seems little doubt but that the time made by the leaders will be better than was made on the trip a year ago.

As is generally known, the organizers of the race had in mind a contest primarily to test the speed and seagoing qualities of the new and growing crop of "seagoing" small craft from the boards of our best designers. Last year these boats, sometimes termed "fisherman type," or "semi-fisherman type," turned out in gratifying numbers, and had nothing to apologize for in their showing; but this year the "fisherman type" are outnumbered by the "yacht type," despite the fact that a special class was made for the former, so that they would not be compelled to compete against theoretically faster craft. Considering the large number of people who buy, build, own and enthuse over the "fisherman type," it seems a bit odd that they should sit tight at home in protected waters when the opportunity offers to make a trip under the conditions for which their boats were designed.

As was the case last year, schooners will predominate, with a sprinkling of yawls and ketches and no sloops.

Four craft—two schooners and two yawls—will carry jib-headed sails, as against one entry in the last event. Four boats will carry the British flag, giving the race even more of an international flavor than before. Altogether, the prospects are for an interesting, hard-fought contest which bids fair to eclipse the highly successful 1923 race.

The full story of the race will appear in the next issue of YACHTING. At this writing it is anybody's race. Before this issue is out, however, the cable from Bermuda will have flashed the news of the first boats to finish.

Mackinac Race Prospects

Auxiliaries in the Mackinac Race this year will have a better chance than heretofore, the Committee of the Chicago Y. C. having amended the rating rule so as to give boats with wheels a reduction in rating commensurate with the size and type of wheel with which the yacht is equipped. While the season around Chicago has been very, very backward so far, due to unfavorable weather conditions, all indications point to this year's Mackinac Race, the seventeenth annual event of its kind, being the most successful ever sailed.

It is expected that from fifteen to twenty yachts will start from Chicago on July 19. Last year the fleet numbered fourteen boats.

Just As One Sailor to Another—

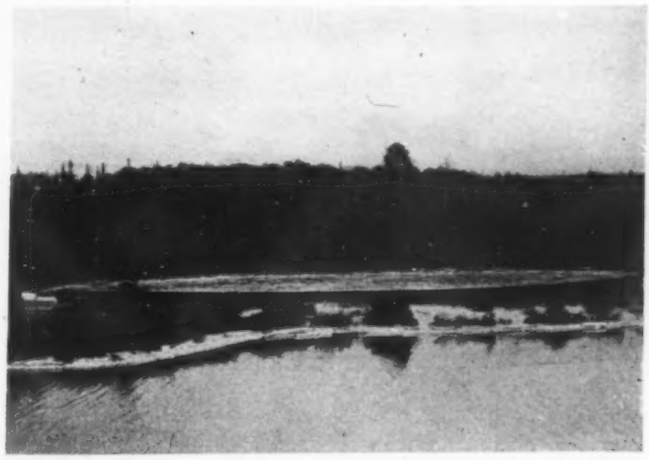
How About a Cruise to the North Channel of Georgian Bay?

By Malcolm Vail

THERE is a country at your very front door, if you happen to live or do your cruising on any of the upper Great Lakes, whose harbors are not polluted and whose air is not filled with coal gas or soot, where you are always free from the ubiquitous tourist and the honk and tooting of automobile horns or whistles. Even to boat owners, the only ones who can really see it as it should be seen, it is but little known. It is a country of real scenic beauty, of honest-to-goodness wild woods, rocky shores, high cliffs and landlocked harbors, all connected with adventure and legends of the Indians and early explorers. It is a region filled with flowers, blue with huckleberries and red with raspberries, with the finest of air and where quiet reigns supreme.

All you need to get you there and back is a good, sound boat, 35 feet long, or better, with a sail and an engine, a good compass, navigating instruments, and a set of charts, which you can get from the U. S. Survey Department at Detroit. If you are going to make the trip, you will need Charts Nos. 5-6-7-60-61-54-70-71-42. These will set you back just $2.50.

If the start is to be made from Chicago, or from the



Pilot Cove, Drummond Island. A log raft on the east shore of the cove takes up much of the room.

head of Lake Michigan, you will, if your time is limited, want to divide your crew into three units. The first unit will take the boat from Chicago to Mackinac. The second will start from Mackinac, take the boat into the North Channel through Georgian Bay and return to Mackinac. This is the main part of the cruise, and is the country and waters I've been talking of. The third relay will take the boat at Mackinac and sail her back to Chicago by way of Green Bay, provided you haven't time to stay for this part of the cruise yourself.

The first unit will not have any time to spare, if you want to spend most of your time in the North Channel, and should leave Chicago on a Friday afternoon, laying a course straight for Betsie, then through the Manitou passage, making the first stop at St. James on the northeast end of Beaver Island. This should be reached on Monday morning by keeping the boat going night and day, at an average speed of not less than five knots, either by sail or motor, or both. The little harbor is absolutely landlocked, with plenty of water and plenty of room. St. James is a small logging town. It is here that you get the first pine smell and the nights begin to get cold and the water clear and snappy.

Slip out of this harbor late in the afternoon and sail through the Straits at night. There is nothing more fascinating and exciting than dodging the countless ore, passenger and fishing boats as they tear through the Straits. Plot your location, so as to keep off the shallow spots, taking cross bearings and soundings, and try to judge your distance from these different blinking lights so as to know just when to alter your course. You will find it is quite a trick. This will land you in Mackinac Island about daybreak, if you have fair weather, and will give you time to look over this island, the first landing place of Marquette and, later, the most coveted spot of the French and English and the largest Indian trading post in that part of the country. You will now have a

Mary's Island, Little Detroit Passage, in the North Channel of Georgian Bay.

chance to stock up the boat for the longer Georgian Bay cruise and get the second crew ready.

Leave Mackinac in the early afternoon and lay a course for the Snows, taking the West Steamer course and running in behind Coats Point on Marquette Island, just to the right as you enter the passage. Drop the hook as near shore as you wish; you will find the water at least twenty feet deep. The holding is good and the shelter fine. Then overhaul your fishing gear, as here is the choicest spot in the Snows. Some of the crew will take the dinghy and go ashore to gather driftwood and lay a fire on the rise of ground directly to the west, overlooking the Bay to the north and Lake Huron to the south and southwest. Come back to this spot just at sunset and watch the cloud effects in the western sky; the atmosphere is clear and the colors are vivid. You will soon find a need for the fire, as the night will be cold and the heat will be more than welcome.

The next morning get under way early and run out to the Martin Lightship to say "Hello" to the crew. Then lay a course for De Tour, the entrance to St. Mary's River and Lake Superior. Try to pick up the submarine bell at the entrance of the river. On reaching the black can do not turn north, but stand straight across the river until you pick up the red spar. Keep this well to starboard, holding due east until you pass on the port side and leave astern the big pile of rocks and are about

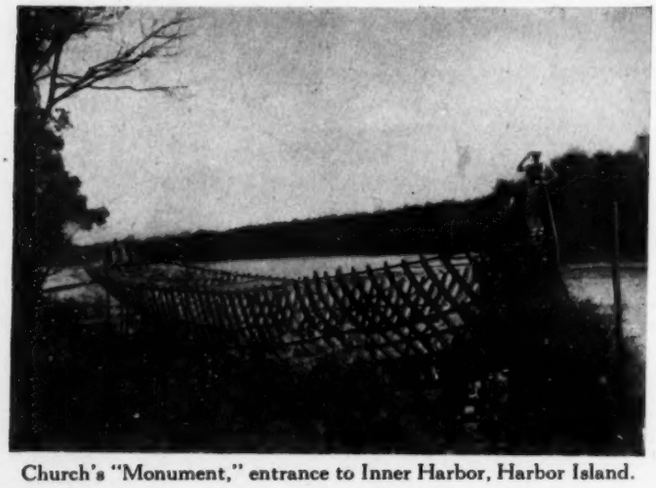
Little Detroit Passage, North Channel.

twenty yards from shore; then hold due north a short way and anchor on the southeast end of Sturgeon Island in about twenty feet of water.

You are now at Whitney Bay, a spot older than Mackinac. Here stood, many years ago, old Fort Drummond, the first trading post with the Indians. Part of the fort still stands directly on the shore of the big island. As you sit there in the quiet of the evening you can see the canoes of the Indians and traders gliding in and out behind this island as they did many years ago. That night as you turn in, overhead at regular intervals you see the great white shaft of light from De Tour Lighthouse, one of the best on the Lakes, and all night long you will hear the whistles of the big ore boats signalling to each other as they work up and down the river.

The next morning take the dinghy and run up the river to the northward. It is a very pretty country and if one goes far enough up-stream and passes the old pier, he will find a portage into Lilly Lake. There were good fish in there some years ago and the last time we were there we saw three red fox just at the portage. Always keep your trolling line out as you go and come, for you are apt to pick up a couple of real fish.

De Tour is only three miles away, so you can stock up with provisions, provided your taste is not too fancy. Allow plenty of time to run twelve miles farther into the bay. (Ask the name of this bay of any Indian. You will always remember his growling, guttural reply, "Potoganissing." It ought to mean something bad, but it doesn't.) The bay is filled with not less than 100 islands and there is not a living soul on one of them. It is an ideal place for a canoe and an interesting place to try out your skill at navigation and chart work. The best of the islands is Harbor Island.



Church's "Monument," entrance to Inner Harbor, Harbor Island.

On this island, up until a few years ago, lived a man by the name of Church—an exceedingly interesting character. He graduated from one of the Eastern universities with the highest honors, after which he went to Heidelberg and graduated third in his class. He then came out to this island direct from college, determined to study the life and habits of the Indians, to record their legends, folklore and their songs; but under the influence of the island and its surroundings he soon forgot his ambition, took the lines of least resistance, built himself a little shack, married a squaw and there he lived out his life. On the shores to this day there still remains his half-built ship, which, as he said himself, was his monument. He liked her, but stopped when his work was but half completed. However, not all his talent was lost, as his stories about the Indians will go down to posterity in the writings of Stewart Edward White, several of which embody these very tales and legends. This island has an outer and inner harbor. You run through the narrow opening into the second lake and there drop the hook.

The next jump is a little longer, so get under way early, working out of this bay carefully, keeping an eye out for Barrel Rock, which is right on the international boundary line and is about the size of a barrel, but it has a worse kick than was ever packed by any such container. There

Yawl at anchor in Truant Cove, Georgian Bay.

is plenty of water on every side of it. Fortunately, it sticks up just enough to be seen. Work around Chippewa Point and lay a course for the Grant Islands. You should strike them in the afternoon. Run around the east end of the West Grant and work in under the lee of Anchor Island, but not too near. Here you will find the nests of six or seven different varieties of gulls. It is quite an education to go over this island and study this bird life. Spend the night here. The holding is good, but the gulls are no respecters of slumber, as they welcome their returning brethren regardless of the hour.

Next lay a course for Blind River. About five miles to the west of the town you pass the mouth of Missaggi River, a paradise for canoeists. If one puts a canoe in at Sudbury, on the Canadian Pacific, he can work down this river for over 200 miles through one of Canada's biggest forest preserves, and it is "white water" most all the way—a real red-blooded man's job and well worth trying once.

Blind River is a small Canadian town with a good dock. The town is built around a sawmill which draws its power and pulls its logs from right under the main street. Stock up here, but allow enough time before dark to run 15 miles farther to Clara Island, a fine little har-

bor with good holding, good fishing, and well protected by small islands, but with no signs of civilization. You are now near the opening of the famous Whale Back Channel, and from here on you will be continuously in the midst of islands, rocks, cliffs, reefs, with wonderful piney air and cold, clear, snappy water. Always keep your fishpole handy, as the fish are very obliging and always rise to the occasion when fresh food is needed. Run out around High Island, keeping Gun Boat Shoals well to port. This is a mean-looking rock, and once on it, you will be there for life. Round High Island and hold east a short way until you pick up Gowan Island, keeping it to port; then run three-quarters of a mile farther up the channel and on the starboard side will be found Peggie's Cove on Dowdney Island. You can run in behind the west side of the small island that blocks the entrance if you do not draw over seven feet of water, and here you will find one of the prettiest little landlocked harbors in which you have ever dropped a hook. The east end yields some wonderful big bass. There is not a living soul around. Everything is quiet and peaceful, except the loons, and they will entertain you both day and night. For fresh fruit, take the dinghy and row across the channel to Johns Island, and here you will find the hill absolutely blue with huckleberries about the size of small strawberries. With no effort at all you can easily eat yourself blue in the face. If you anchor here you can safely ride to a lead line, as the clay bottom seems as though it were made of glue.

The next jump takes one to Little Detroit. Rounding Gowan Island again, you will see a big rock just off the point, which you can hold within two feet. This is a good illustration of the boldness of the waters in this channel. Going east the course is easily followed, as it is almost straight and not half as bad as it looks on the chart. If there is any doubt in your mind, however, send a man aloft, as the water is very clear, and he will pilot you around the rocks and over the reefs with ease.

Passing Shanley Island to port, keep an eye open for Little Detroit. There are no marks and you can tell the place only when the narrow channel itself opens up. It is nothing but a cut between two hills, and I do not believe that it is over 75 feet wide. The *Josephine* had to beat her way through, and in coming about she actually hit the huckleberry bushes on the bank with her bowsprit while the scrub oaks scraped her fantail. You can take it from this that the water is deep. After going through the passage and passing Ethel Rock, swing slowly to starboard and run in behind Mary's Island. Have your hook catted and ready to drop, as there is not much room to swing. You will now find yourself in a very picturesque little cove with high cliffs on three sides, covered with dense pines. If you do not want to try this, go around the point and run into Spanish Mills, tying up at the steamboat dock. You can stock up at the company's store, and in addition you will have a lot of curious visitors. This is a quaint mill town stuck on top of bold, bleak rocks.

View of part of North Channel, Georgian Bay, from Mount McBean

The Post Office, Georgian Bay, where every yacht leaves her name and a record of her visit.

Next day get under way early, running under motor, as you have about a half-day's trip ahead to McBean, taking the inside channel. You will need a man up aloft here, as the charts are rather inadequate, but there are only two or three bad ledges. You will soon find yourself steamboating along the most picturesque channel on the Great Lakes, practically surrounded by high hills on all sides, the bold rugged rocks everywhere, with myriads of small islands all heavily wooded. It will keep you on deck every minute of your time. Also keep an eye open for the muskies; from the crow's nest you can see these big fellows ten feet below the surface—but do not fall off in your excitement when you spot them, because you can't even get them with a pike pole.

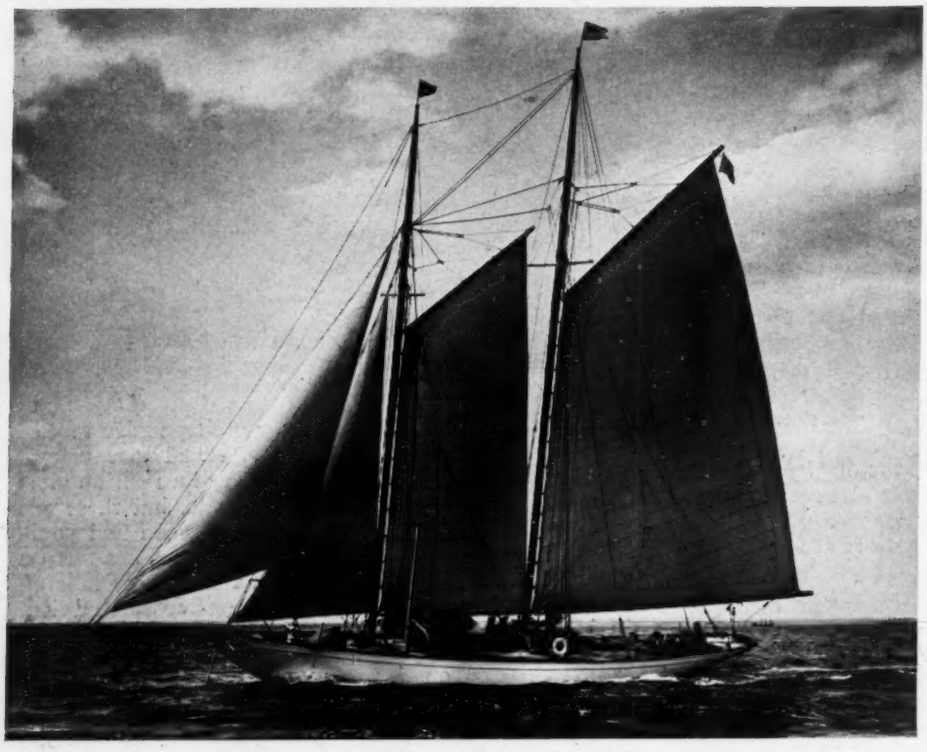
Shortly after "chow" you will round into the small harbor at the foot of Mt. McBean. This mountain rises up 600 feet above you, just one mass of granite and blueberries. Take the rest of the day off and climb to the top. Up there you will find Tommy Atkins' name engraved in big letters, along with many others. From here one can see twenty or thirty miles in every direction. It is interesting to see the snake-like channel through which you have just worked your way coming from the Mills, and it is also interesting to see what you are going through to the east the next day. As far as the eye can see there is nothing but pine—islands, bays and channels. There is no smoke, unless you have forest fires; no noise, not even a human being to spoil the charm and quiet of this picture.

The next day stand out of the Bay to the southeast. After clearing the islands you have two courses that you can follow. The first is White Fish Bay, due east. In here one could easily spend a month just paddling among the islands. The other course lies a little to the southeast and lands you in Little Current, another small town on a narrow passage. This marks the eastern end of the North Channel, and through the passage, for no apparent reason, there is quite a current running, sometimes as fast as four miles an hour. It has a habit of reversing itself without warning. Very often big log booms are run through here and it will give you better protection to tie up at the dock just west of the town. In this village look up Turner, who owns everything and knows all about that part of the country. Also rent a couple of canoes and put them on board, as you will need them later. Here you can also stock up your larder again.

Shoving off again, continue east for twelve miles farther to Bay Finn and run up the Sound for about a mile to Fisherman's Cove, another landlocked harbor.

(Continued on page 62)

Sealove, a New 62-foot Auxiliary Cruising Schooner



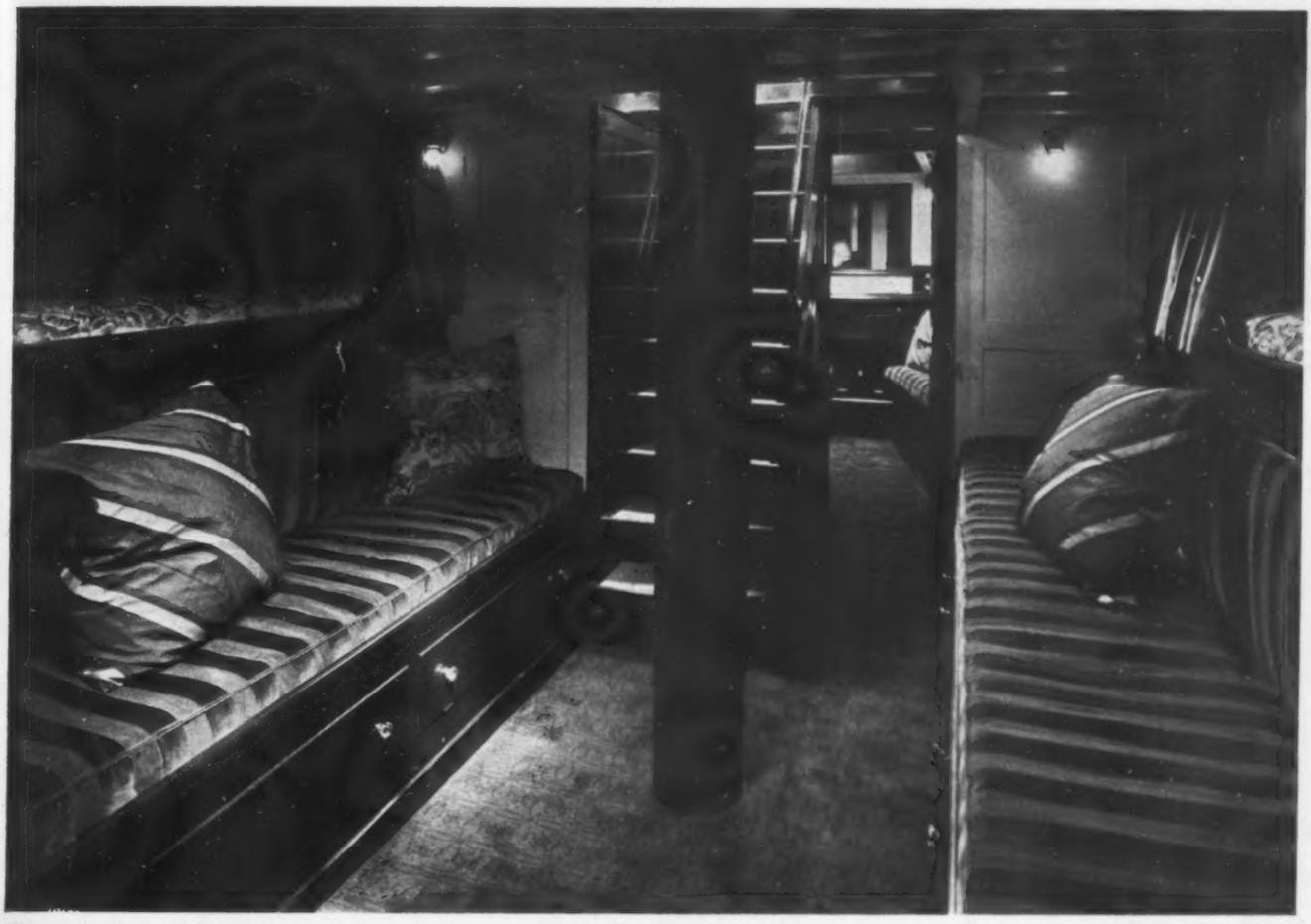
WITH the launching of the *Sealove* from the yard of Robert Jacob, City Island, in May, Mr. John W. Bird, her owner, got one of the finest cruisers of her type in Atlantic waters. *Sealove* was built last winter from designs by John G. Alden. She is a flush deck schooner with *ability* written in every line of her and she should prove comfortable and an exceedingly good sailer.

Her accommodations consist of a large saloon, a double stateroom, a single stateroom and a large toilet. For auxiliary power she has a 4-cylinder 5½" x 7" Sterling Neptune engine, located forward, in the after end of galley.

Her dimensions are l. o. a. 62' 2"; w. l., 43'; beam, 14'; draft 8'. Mr. Bird, who is a member of the New York Yacht Club, will use the new yacht for cruising on the Sound and in eastern waters this summer.

Photos by M. Rosenfeld

After deck of *Sealove*, showing cockpit and house over companionway.



The main saloon of *Sealove* is extremely attractive and comfortable, being finished in mahogany and white enamel. The after stateroom is seen at the end of the passage.

Photos by M. Rosenfeld

A corner of the galley, showing the gas range and the housing over the four-cylinder, 5½" x 7" Sterling motor. This shows what small space the auxiliary power occupies in a yacht of this type.

The owner's double stateroom at the after end of the ship.

Reviving Racing in the Open Classes

An Answer to Henry L. Maxwell's Proposed Changes in the Rule

By Fred W. Goeller, Jr.

WHILE Mr. Maxwell's proposal, in the February YACHTING, to revise the Universal Rating Rule is a sincere attempt to revive racing in the open classes on Long Island Sound, it is doubtful in the minds of some of us who are also interested in the sport, if he has not missed the real cause and is attacking the problem from the wrong angle. The necessity for any change in the Rule is, obviously, that it has failed in some particular to develop the best all-around boat possible. The first question then is, has the Rule, as it stands, failed in some way to do this?

Racing in Massachusetts waters, on the Great Lakes and particularly on the West Coast is today in as flourishing a condition as ever in the history of these localities. By the foregoing I mean racing in the open classes. New boats are continually being built for these, especially on the Pacific Coast, in Class R, a moderate sized and very healthy type of yacht. Further, these boats, as developed under the present rule, have proven entirely satisfactory in every respect in these sections of the country. They are fast, able, and have as much accommodations, or the possibilities for it, as any boat of similar size ever built.

If the foregoing is true, and I doubt if anyone can prove it otherwise, the problem has then resolved itself into changing the rule for the benefit of Long Island Sound, where racing in the open classes *has* practically ceased. Is it fair to change the general rule that has proved the best that has ever been devised, in order to try to revive racing among men who, it is doubtful, would build in accordance with such changes? I think a thorough analysis of the causes and effects of the present condition on Long Island Sound will develop the fact that the fault is not with the Rule, but with the yachtsmen themselves.

Let us first analyze Mr. Maxwell's reasons for changing the rule and the changes he proposes. His three primary causes for lack of open class racing are: (a) high cost of construction, both actual and relatively, as compared to that of the one-design classes; (b) low second-hand value, and (c) short racing career, usually not over two years.

Among his remedies for the above are "to modify our measurement rule so as to produce a vessel that, as an ex-racer, will have considerable cruising value—today they have only junk value," and further on, "that the logical ultimate owner of a racer is usually a cruising man and as such will give more for a moderate draft vessel." Mr. Maxwell also proposes a handicap rule, in supplementing the above, which would be known as "allowance for age."

Taking up his first reason—high construction cost—he admits that this is relatively not so important, inasmuch as the cost of everything has practically trebled in the last decade. But the second, (b), the second-hand value, *is* of the greatest importance to anyone building a boat these days.

Mr. Maxwell gives a table showing the cost and selling price of a six-meter boat in comparison with a raceabout built in 1900. To use his table as a basis is decidedly unfair, for the six-meter boats are *not* built to our rule, which he proposes to change for this reason, are not cruisers in any sense of the word and their second-hand value *is* "junk price" as compared with boats built under the Universal Rule. He gives the cost of the six-meter as $7,500 and the selling price as $3,000. I think even this selling price is way beyond anything that has been paid for a second-hand boat in this class. The only one that I have any first-hand knowledge of is one that a syndicate spent $8,500 on, in 1922, and, not making the team, was offered for disposal at $1,000—although practically brand new. So, splitting the difference and calling it $2,000, this would make an even worse case for the boat he has selected as his example, and it is, I think, quite high for their second-hand value. On the other hand (this may not be an entirely fair comparison, as the boats in question were built in 1914, when prices were just about half of what they are today), I know of a couple of Class R boats, built to my design, that are today selling for within 15 per cent of their original cost. And, what is of much more importance in the question under discussion, they are still racing successfully, ten years after they were built.

Further, as evidence of the uselessness of taking a six-meter boat as a cause for changing *our* rule, after their racing career is ended, and two years is a good limit for the average, is a six-meter a good cruising boat likely to fall into the hands of the "ultimate logical cruising man"? To make her so, to put a cabin on, install bunks and buy equipment, would cost anywhere up to $750, whereas the Class R boats above referred to—although only 21 feet on the waterline—about the size of the average six-meter—had two comfortable bunks, a toilet and reasonable galley space and *do* make handy small cruisers.

As Mr. Maxwell's last cause, (c), short racing career, is partly covered in the foregoing paragraphs, I should like to enlarge on this and also cite two cases with which I am intimately acquainted, having gotten out the designs in both cases. And what happened in these instances is a direct refutation of the necessity for changing the rule in any particular.

In 1911 the *Joyant* was built by Herreshoff and for the first two seasons raced so successfully that it was claimed, in view of the rule having been changed subsequent to her launching and putting too much of a premium (as was thought) on her great size, that it would be impossible to build a boat to beat her. Yet in 1913 the *Josephine* was built, and while shorter on the waterline and having something like 150 square feet less sail, beat the former so decisively that there was no question as to which was the better boat. It can hardly be denied that this was a question of design, for, while admitting Addison Hanan's superiority as a skipper over most of his competitors, this was not sufficient to account for the large difference in time at the finish of most of the races.

In this particular case Mr. Maxwell's "allowance for age" would work a decided injustice against the *Josephine*, for, to start with, she was already handicapped both in the matter of length and power (sail area), the two most important factors in the speed of a sail boat, other things being equal. And both the *Joyant* and the *Josephine*, together with the boats that were built to their class at about that time, are still having some very successful racing.

The second case is that of the three "R" boats referred to previously, two of which were owned and sailed on Long Island Sound. With no outside competitors to get an accurate line on their performance, the first real test

came in an inter-city race between Boston and New York, for the Greenwich Cup, in 1914.

Not being balanced, as was later discovered to be best, these boats were beaten by the Boston boat in handy fashion. As mentioned before, they were 21 feet on the waterline and inside of a year boats were built for this class, or fitted to it, that were 23, 24 and in some cases 25 feet on the waterline (the latter were old "Q" boats with the rig cut down). Quite naturally, one would think that these boats would be so hopelessly outclassed as to be useless for further racing, for the greater length of the new boats is really too much of a handicap for the smaller boats to overcome in heavy weather. Yet one of these boats, properly balanced after the Greenwich Cup races, raced with a very fair degree of success on Lake Michigan in 1923 (nine years after the start of her racing career) under weather conditions for which she was never intended and racing with the original jib and mainsail rig against the larger most modern boats with Marconi rigs. It must be admitted that the weather in this locality has to be moderate for her to do her best or have a fair chance, for, in the heavy weather such as frequently occurs, she is simply overpowered by her larger rivals.

In this second case the "allowance for age" might benefit her, but under the existing weather conditions she could not really afford to carry a much larger rig. However, her owner is sufficiently pleased with her general performance to go to the expense of putting on a Marconi rig this year and there seems little doubt that she will do a lot better than previously—which would make her average for the season very satisfactory.

Mr. Maxwell also, very positively, states (speaking of the "allowance for age"), "one thing should be particularly emphasized: This is *not* an allowance for inferiority. Rather it is an adjustment of superiority, said 'superiority' of the new boat being largely due to improvements based on data supplied by her older sister. For this data she should be willing to pay and there should be no stigma on the older boats accepting same, provided it is equitably apportioned."

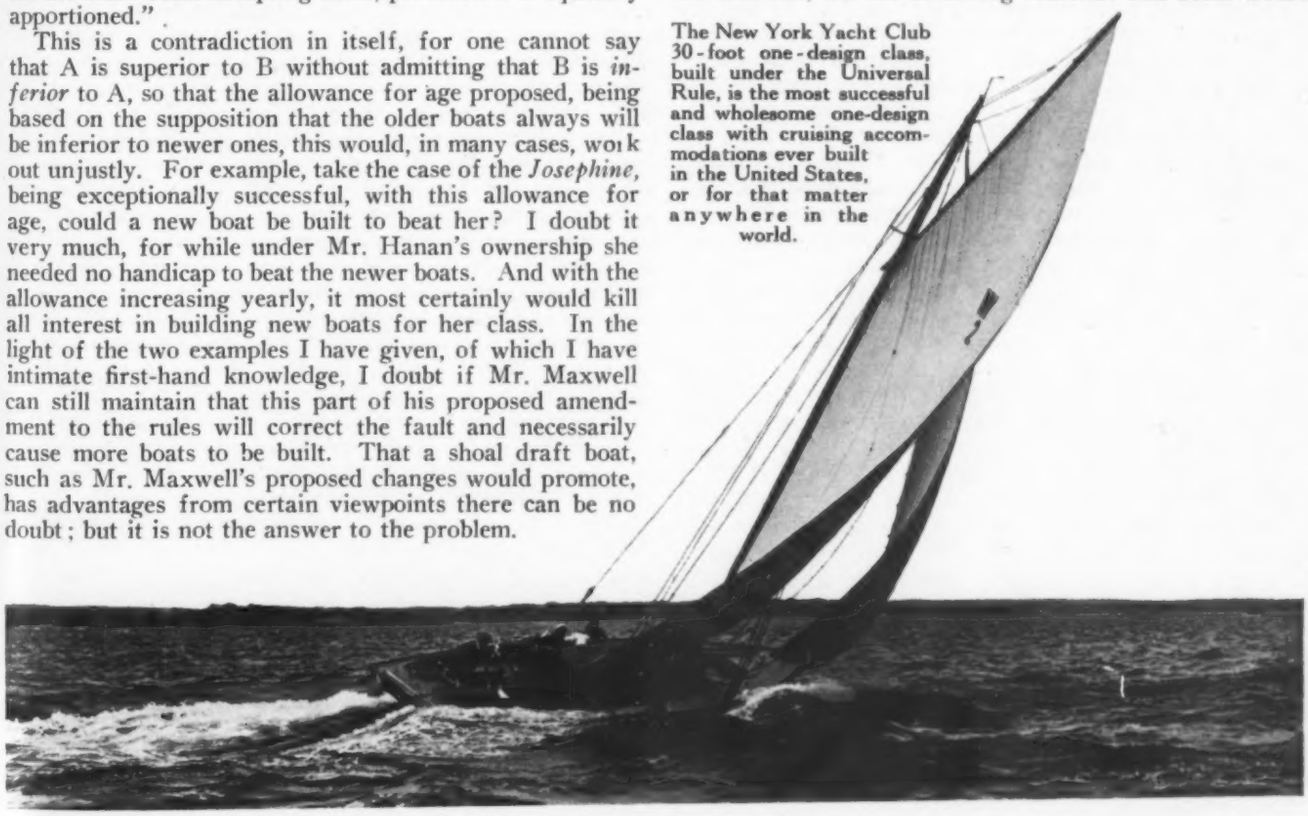
This is a contradiction in itself, for one cannot say that A is superior to B without admitting that B is *inferior* to A, so that the allowance for age proposed, being based on the supposition that the older boats always will be inferior to newer ones, this would, in many cases, work out unjustly. For example, take the case of the *Josephine*, being exceptionally successful, with this allowance for age, could a new boat be built to beat her? I doubt it very much, for while under Mr. Hanan's ownership she needed no handicap to beat the newer boats. And with the allowance increasing yearly, it most certainly would kill all interest in building new boats for her class. In the light of the two examples I have given, of which I have intimate first-hand knowledge, I doubt if Mr. Maxwell can still maintain that this part of his proposed amendment to the rules will correct the fault and necessarily cause more boats to be built. That a shoal draft boat, such as Mr. Maxwell's proposed changes would promote, has advantages from certain viewpoints there can be no doubt; but it is not the answer to the problem.

I believe it is true in Mr. Maxwell's case as it is in that of practically all of our leading amateurs today (it was in the late Addison Hanan's case, I know) that they all learned to sail in centerboard boats. This alone is, I think, the reason for their sailing superiority, for in no other type do you learn so thoroughly what to do to make a boat go best. It teaches alertness and the proper trim of the sails, if for no other reason than to keep them from upsetting. The average keel boat today, in a heavy breeze, sails across the wind with the sheets trimmed in flat, and while she is not making her best speed by any means, and only lies down and wallows, there are many of the present-day yachtsmen who, I am sorry to say, do not know better than to do this. But you don't catch a man brought up in a centerboard boat doing this. His training has taught him to ease up his sheets to spill the wind out of his sail, and he knows from his past experience that his boat will go faster trimmed that way.

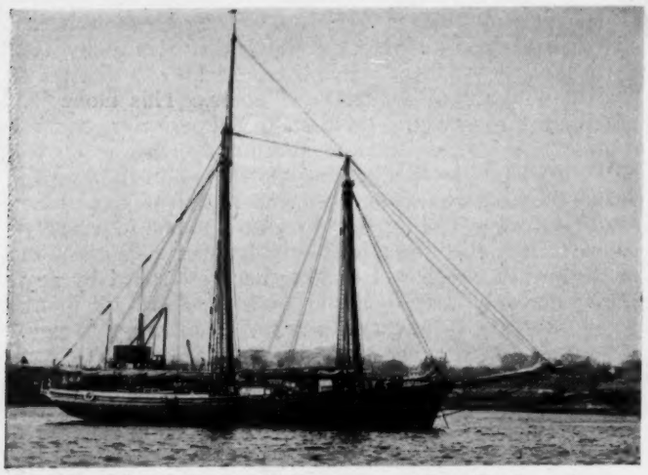
To digress for a moment from the main discussion; one of the most hopeful signs of the times, and one that will be of incalculable benefit and will do more for the future of yachting than any other single thing I know of, is the promotion, by some of our leading yacht clubs, of racing in small, open, and for the most part centerboard boats for the youngsters. This is the time of life any yachtsman should learn how to sail. It is the best type of boat to learn in and it will only be a few short years when we will have a class of yachtsmen, developed from these youngsters, who will, on the whole, be far superior to the majority of present-day sailors. But this is beside the point and it is not the class of yachtsmen whom the present proposal is intended to benefit.

The writer was present at the meeting of the arbiters of yachting policy on Long Island Sound (representatives of clubs belonging to the Long Island Sound Yacht Racing Association) last fall, called for the purpose of deciding what open classes to promote for the year 1924.

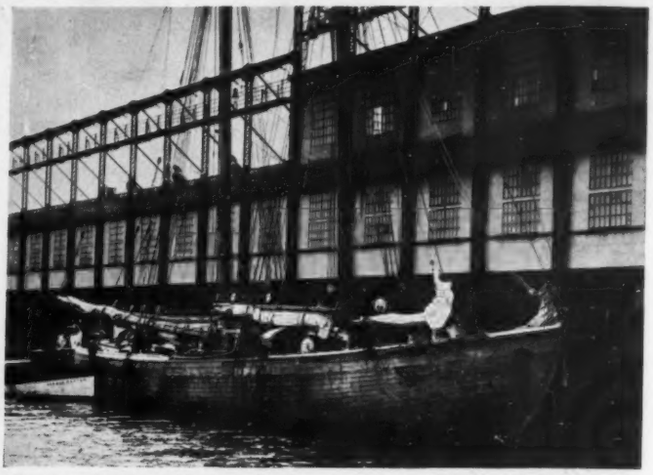
It was the consensus of opinion that the Q Class was the best one, for the following reasons: The boats would



The New York Yacht Club 30-foot one-design class, built under the Universal Rule, is the most successful and wholesome one-design class with cruising accommodations ever built in the United States, or for that matter anywhere in the world.



The old whaling schooner, *Valkyrie*, now a Cape Verde packet, recently beat the Gloucester-designed *Yukon* in a Western Ocean race.



The knockabout schooner *Yukon*, now in the Western Islands trade, arrived at Providence a few hours after her rival, the *Valkyrie*.

be about 30 feet on the waterline (the size of Commodore Morgan's *Grayling*, a new "Q" boat brought out by Herreshoff in 1923), and therefore enough accommodations could be obtained to nearly approximate the N. Y. Y. C. 30-foot one-design class—the most wholesome and successful one-design class ever built in the United States, and, for that matter, I imagine, anywhere in the world.

This is a real boat that the men who can afford such a luxury these days want. I don't believe that a single yachtsman of sufficient means could be found today who would build a shoal draft boat such as Mr. Maxwell's proposed changes would develop. They want safety above all else and this the comparatively deep draft and consequent low keel weight provides under the existing rule; also a fair amount of accommodations, which can be obtained in our boats. Who can deny that the present rule boats make as good cruisers for their size as were ever built?

Furthermore, while a shoaler draft boat than the present rule develops might do fairly well on Long Island Sound and in Massachusetts waters, a shoal draft boat would be totally unsuitable either for the Great Lakes or the Pacific Coast where heavy winds and different sea conditions are encountered than in the East. Therefore, instead of a single rule, which provides the best all-around boat that has ever been built for average general conditions throughout the country, we would have an amended rule that was only suitable for one particular locality, and instead of having a country-wide market as at present, it would be impossible to dispose of the boats as has been done in the past (practically all the New York boats have been sold out of this section), either to Massachusetts waters or on the Great Lakes. With this as an entering wedge I think it would be merely the start of a series of revisions that would lead to a chaotic condition that the Universal Rule as it stands today has entirely eliminated.

I feel sure, myself, and I think a majority of thinking yachtsmen will agree with me after carefully analyzing the whole situation, that it lies not with the Rule, but with the yachtsmen themselves and the conditions hereabout, that racing in the open classes on Long Island Sound is in its present state of stagnation.

One of the primary reasons for this unfortunate state of affairs is to be found in the present interest in the six-meter class—built to a foreign rule. As all who have followed yachting in this country know, any international yachting event usually means a poor local year, and, secondly, the six-meters are perhaps the most unhealthy development that has taken place in local yachting in recent years.

Nothing has been proven by the races so far sailed—we have beaten the British in American waters and one American boat at least, the Gardner-designed *Grebe*, proved the most consistent single winner against the British in their own back yard. But as a team proposition, the British win in their own waters and we win in ours. As the first races were sailed on the other side, it looks as though they would be the first to win the necessary three races and keep the cup.

Furthermore, as has been shown previously, it is the six-meters and not boats built to our own rule that have

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Old Whaler *Valkyrie* Wins 3,000-Mile Ocean Race

SHADES of the Flying Dutchman! The New Bedford whalemen, what's left of 'em, are planning to enter a contestant in the next fisherman's race. And the reason is the 32-year-old whaling schooner *Valkyrie*, which thrashed the Gloucester-designed, Essex-built two-sticker *Yukon*, laid down in 1917, in a 3,000-mile race from Brava, in the Cape Verde Islands, to Providence, R. I.

The fact that the race was wholly unpremeditated and quite informal doesn't minimize the startling achievement of the veteran New Bedford windjammer in the least. The two vessels, freighted with immigrants, Boston beans and the usual live-stock complement of goats, swine and kids, left Brava the same day and arrived at quarantine in Providence within a few hours of each other. Both encountered heavy weather off the coast and had to run for shelter. *Valkyrie* lost an anchor and was driven to sea again, but made good her loss of time and sped into Narragansett Bay ahead of her spoon-bowed junior.

A remarkable feature of this salt water epic was the fact that Captain Henry D. Rose, of the *Valkyrie*, reported on arrival that he hadn't sighted his rival during the 36-day voyage, and the skipper of the latter vessel declared he had only once made out the victorious *Valkyrie*.

When they shook hands on State Pier in Providence as they landed, the two skippers greeted one another in their native Portuguese lingo and Captain Rose gleefully gurgitated the equivalent of "By Gar, I tell you, that old whaler, she one stepper!" To which the *Yukon's* navigator replied, belligerantly, that he would administer a decisive licking to the bluff-bowed old whaler on the return voyage to the Islands, which will be undertaken by both ships after they have been dry-docked for cleaning and repairs.

The *Amoy*, a Chinese Junk with a Record of Achievement

In Spite of Her Crude Appearance This Junk Is a Sweet Lined, Fast Craft and Unusually Seaworthy

By Alfred Nilson

SOMEONE has said that only the transients in China ever dare to write about it; that one who resides there for a longer time is overcome by the wealth of material that is interesting, and knows not where to commence.

The first impression received by a traveler in the Orient is one of universal difference. The Chinese seem to do things backwards. However, after their actions are analyzed, it is usually found that they conform to some law and are well adapted to ends. As an instance, in rowing a boat the Chinese will stand up and face forward, whereas we invariably sit down and look backward. The Chinese fashion has an obvious advantage. Again, in walking down the street with friends we walk abreast of one another, while the Chinese find it better to go single file. These differences are noticed everywhere in China.

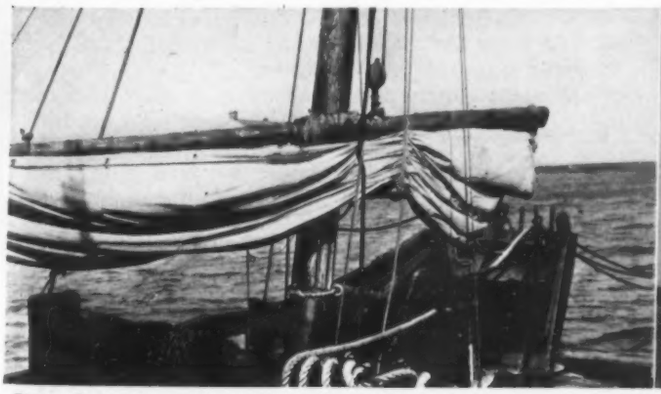
And so it is not unusual to find the Chinese boats presenting many very odd features that will appear to the casual observer as strange, crude, and perhaps unnecessary. On examination, what appeared crude is found to be just simple, and what had been thought pure ornament serves some purpose and is indispensable. For a thousand years the Chinese have considered them perfect. For untold centuries before that they had been freighting them with a wealth of thought. Everywhere are evidences of that wonderful Chinese ingenuity born of their stored-up experiences, which characterizes all of their work. And, strange as it may seem to the legions who had thought them a race of laundrymen, the Chinese are a seafaring people.

The junk *Amoy*, now in New York waters on her way round the world, is the type of ship used in the Formosa channel for fishing, and her model is a favorite with the pirates on account of its speed. The China coast is long, stretching from the tropics to the ice floes, and there are many types of junks used, each adapted for certain local conditions, but all conforming to the standard crescent shape. They are of light draft and capable of navigating China's inland waterways, which are generally shoal, and equally capable of weathering typhoons. The bow, being blunt, serves continually to step the craft up, and keeps her from burrowing through the waves. There is a very short and narrow ironwood keel, and the only addition to the area of lateral resistance formed by the hull is the large rudder which reaches four feet under the stern.

Photo by Jos. Costa

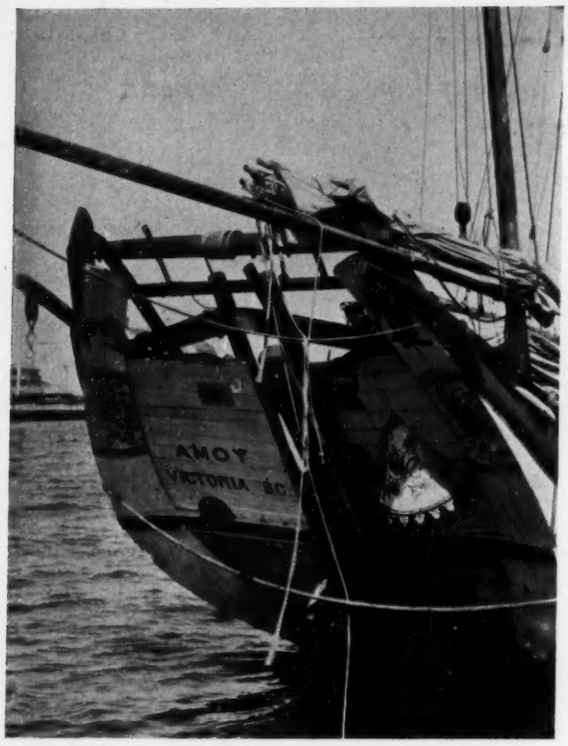
The junk *Amoy* at anchor in Gravesend Bay after her voyage from China to the West Coast, and through the Panama Canal.

By means of a windlass the rudder can be raised, which allows the boat to sail in four feet of water. Often, in passing over a bar, the rudder rises and drops again when deeper water is reached. A tiller, ten feet long, held with an endless rope, is used in steering. Holding the tiller is far from child's play while running before a heavy sea, and entering the Golden Gate it snapped out of Captain Waard's hands and broke two of his ribs. Many times it has required all hands to keep it from



Bow of the *Amoy*, showing windlass and chocks for lines forward.

The *Amoy*, in spite of her clumsy-looking rig, is a very fast sailer.



Left: Stern, showing rudder and windlass for raising it, which allows her to sail on a draft of 4 feet. Right: *Amoy* on the ways, showing underbody.

"taking charge." However, the junk is sensitive to the slightest touch on the tiller and spins around like a top when it is hard over.

The junk's steadiness is unbelievable. The table is never bolted, nor the chairs braced, and the pots and kettles stand upon the stove (which has no rail) and never slide off, even in the heaviest weather. The pitching motion, which in a crescent-shaped ship would seem inevitable, is minimized by the peculiar construction of the stern, which picks up the water when it dips and allows it to run out slowly when it rises, thus destroying the rhythm of the pitch. She rolls easily and slowly, due to her unusually heavy mainmast.

The masts are stepped in a novel manner and are high tributes to Chinese ingenuity. Rather than set them rigid, they wedge them between two pieces of camphor wood, leaving six or eight inches for them to work into. As they work they settle into the wedge and tend to tighten. The bottom of the *Amoy's* mast is now six inches from the base, having settled one inch in 16,000 miles of sailing. This method of fastening the masts is so satisfactory they need no staying and their only other security is the confident smile of the jovial fat joss in the stateroom. The mizzen mast is set on the starboard rail on account of the rudder being amidship. There is a forward rake to the foremast which allows the junk to be sailed wing and wing with no chance of jibing the foresail, with the wind but two points abaft the beam. With this forward rake the gaff swings easily and has a natural tendency to fall over the bow.

Captain Waard, Mrs. Waard and their son on the stern of the *Amoy*. The big tiller can be seen at the left.

The sails are square cut, with horizontal bamboo cross-braces. Each bamboo serves as a reef-band. In less than half a minute one man can take one, or four, reefs simply by lowering the halliards and lashing the weather ends of the bamboo braces as they fall. The lee end is trimmed by adjusting the endless multiple sheet that is attached to the end of each bamboo.

The *Amoy* was built under difficulties. While Chinese labor is cheap, Captain Waard found it expensive. When a carpenter is engaged, he moves down upon one like a pestilence with his family, apprentices and entertainer, whom the employer must lodge and board. Especially in the holiday season is the burden noticeable. But the wise employer knows better than to complain. Occasionally, when the carpenter had been sent to purchase some article, he would return showing a hole in his pocket where the robbers had cut out the money. It would be discovered later that he had visited the gambling halls.

The keel was laid in the winter of 1921-22. Piece by piece she was slowly assembled, and in May, 1922, the *Amoy* was launched. Captain Waard got his trees up in the interior of China and had them rafted and floated to Amoy, where he engaged Chinese sawyers to cut them into planks. He was able to procure stout camphor wood trees for his heavy timbers. These have an abundance of camphor oil that is retained indefinitely, thus making them immune to worms and other marine life. For planking he got Chinese fir; for masts, Foochow pine, and ironwood for the keel.

Having no machines and very few tools to assist in the building, it was necessary to saw the trees into planks

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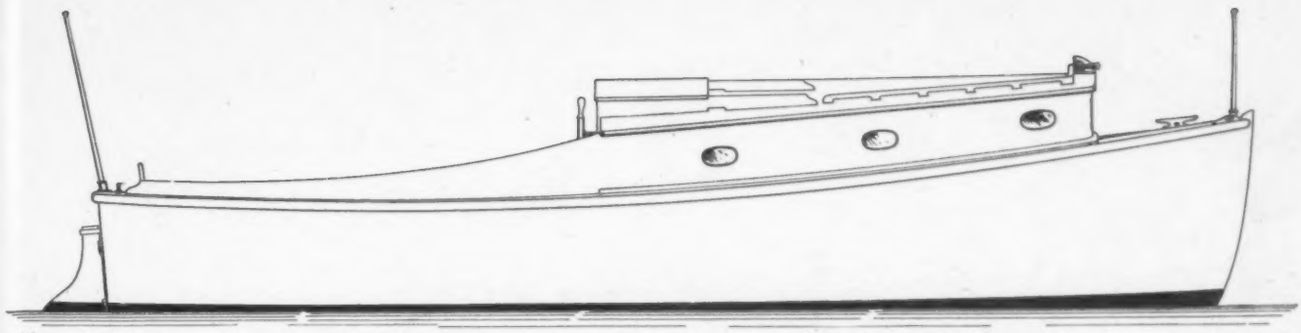


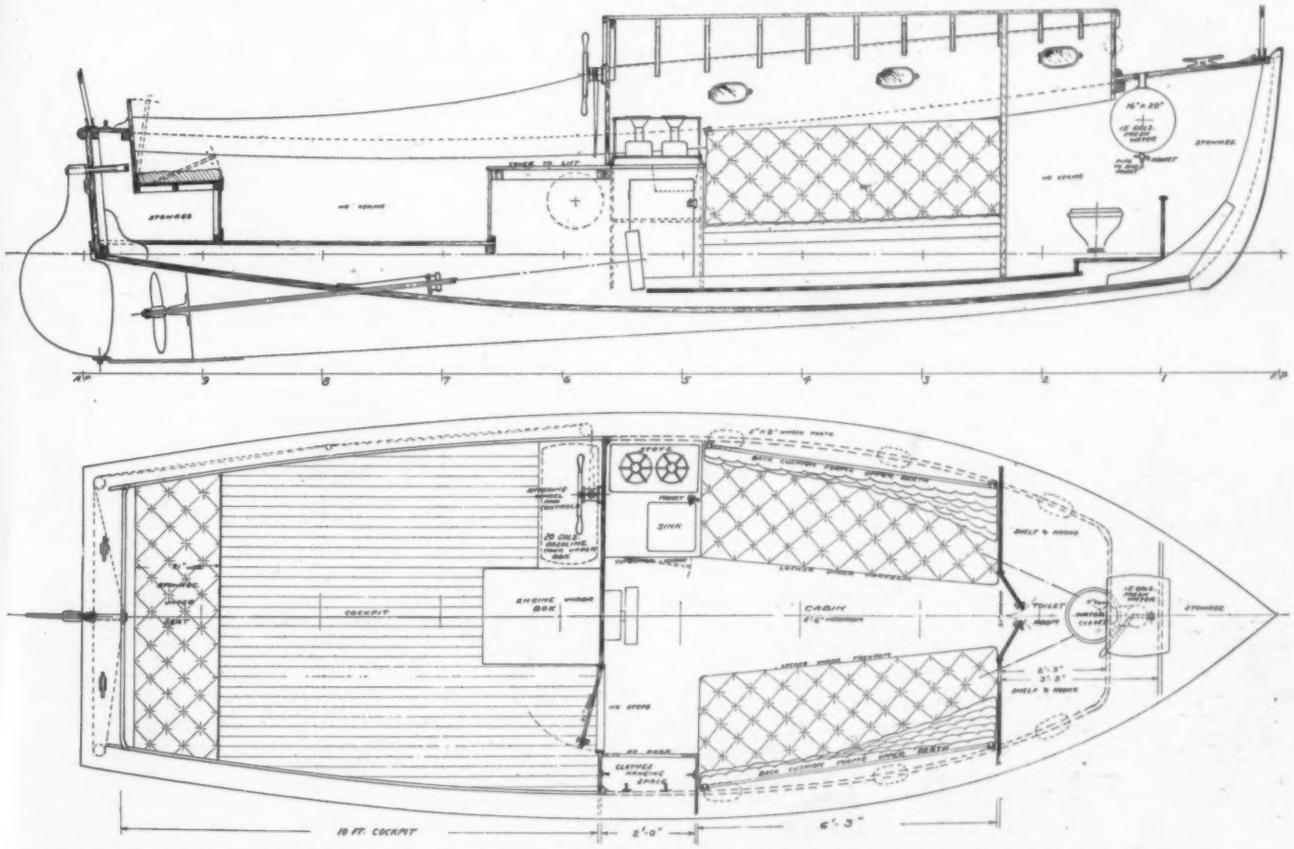
Outboard profile of 25-ft. power cruiser designed to be built at the lowest possible cost.

A Little Craft of Simplified Construction for Limited Outlay

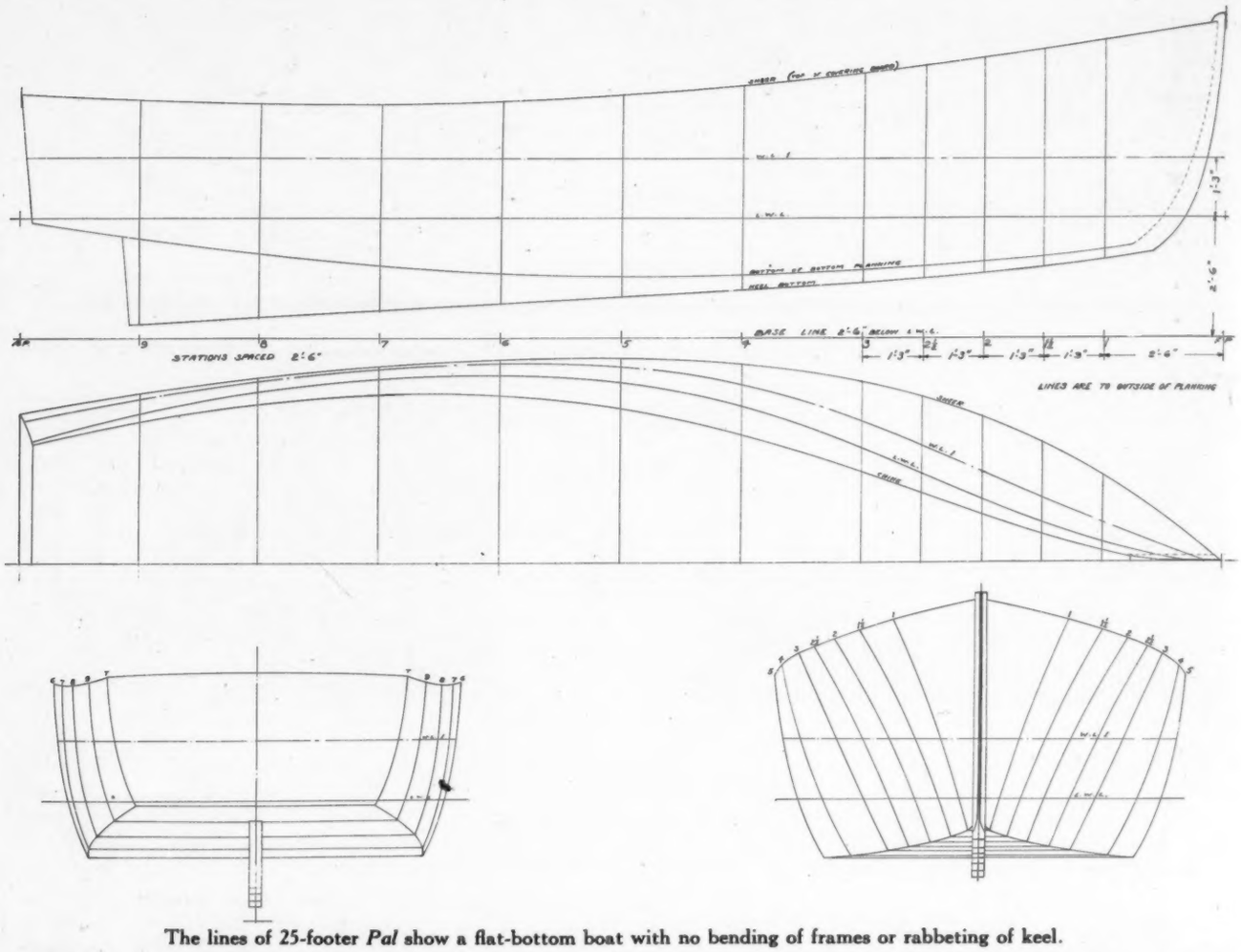
By WILLIAM J. DEED

IN the last two issues of YACHTING there have appeared letters from "An Old Hand," who turns out to be John T. Rowland, a man who has cruised pretty much all over both coasts of North America, as far north as the Arctic Ocean, emphasizing the need of a moderate priced boat for the man who wants to do some cruising and yet cannot see paying the initial cost of building, at the prevailing prices—in other words, for the man to whom $4,000 to $5,000 for a small boat for summer cruises is out of the question. Realizing that this initial cost, though it may be justified by the high cost of labor and material, is keeping many people who are "fed up" on motoring, with its din of horns, crowded roads, jostling and speeding, from turning to a boat for their recreation, YACHTING has asked me to design a boat whose initial cost could be kept down to a minimum by simplified forms of construction and by cutting out all the frills and expensive fitting which invariably add to a boat's cost.

I have not followed exactly "Old Hand's" suggestion of the fisherman dory model, for several reasons. Chief of these is the fact that more bearing was needed aft to keep the boat in trim with a crowd in the cockpit. So what I have developed is a flat-bottomed craft, simple to build, with no keel to be rabbetted and fitted, and a cross between the Chesapeake skipjack and the Seabright skiff. She may not be what one would choose if one did not have to



Accommodation plan and inboard profile of 25-footer, designed for YACHTING on the most simplified form of construction.



The lines of 25-footer *Pal* show a flat-bottom boat with no bending of frames or rabbeting of keel.

consider the cost, but she has been designed so that she can be built "at a price" and yet be able, burdensome and comfortable for average use and under average conditions.

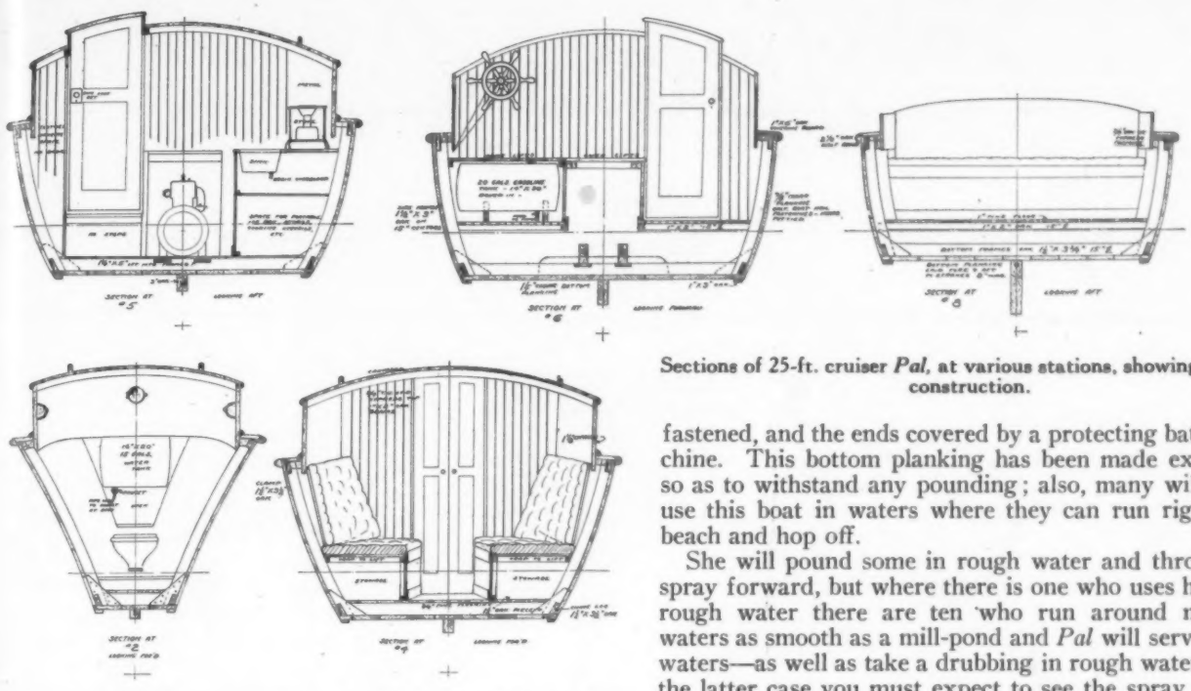
Now, what is "average use"? An occasional run in the evening for a couple of hours, a week-end cruise from Saturday noon to Monday morning and a two weeks' cruise once a year is a fair answer. For the short trips there is usually quite a party aboard and a large cockpit is needed; on the longer cruises four is perhaps the usual number aboard, and sometimes six, requiring a cabin with berths and cruising accommodations. There are some youngsters who can sleep comfortably on a cement slab, live "out of a can," and whose outfit can be rolled up and slung on their backs. But we cannot plan for them alone, for there are family parties to consider and people who, perhaps, have never done any boating and who must be provided with "parlor, bedroom and bath" just as at home.

For mixed parties, family cruising and outings we need cabin, galley and toilet room, as well as a good-sized cockpit. There is no doubt that a separate toilet room is a requisite for any cabin boat to be sold to the average buyer —so we have it. And yet, when we get into plumbing equipment we run up the cost, so we stop short with simply necessary equipment and provide for washing at the "kitchen sink" just as they do back on the old farm. Of course, if one wants a lavatory, there is room for one and the cost is not great, but our aim is to "cut to the bone," and as there is one place for washing we stop there.

Some may think the boat too small for the separate toilet room, but just scale up that room and then scale up some toilet rooms on boats twice her length and one will see that our boat has all the space needed. There is plenty of clothes hanging space on the sides and three hinged ports afford good ventilation. There is also pretty good headroom, about 5 ft. 6 in.

From the toilet room door to the cockpit bulkhead we have an 8-foot cabin affording two full length transoms, with upholstered back cushions forming upper berths, sleeping four, a good clothes closet and a compact galley. By comparing this cabin with many on larger and more expensive boats one may be surprised to note that it is but a couple of feet shorter, although the boat may be many feet shorter. No—there is no built-in refrigerator. However, there is a portable ice box large enough to hold all the supplies you need to keep cool, even on a cruise, and when you anchor off the beach and go ashore to spend the day, you tuck this ice box under your arm and you can keep the butter, milk, tonics and other bottled goods cool. And did you ever see a built-in refrigerator in a boat of this size that was a 100 per cent howling success? The galley is a complete working galley for use on board or for those numerous excursions ashore when the portable feature of the equipment proves valuable.

The cockpit is 10 feet long, practically the length of cockpit found in most 30- to 35-feet craft. And there's only the big wide seat aft and a box over the engine in this cockpit. The box will form a fine seat for the helmsman on a long trip, especially with the cabin door open and hooked back against the box to form a much-appreciated back-rest. Women and children will appreciate one feature, i.e., no steps to go down into the cabin, simply one step down. No—the cockpit is not self-bailing; where



Sections of 25-ft. cruiser *Pal*, at various stations, showing method of construction.

did you ever see one outside of a lifeboat? The cockpit is deep enough to afford a feeling of security, and in entering the cabin one does not have to climb over any high bridge deck or over the man at the wheel, but simply walks right into the cabin without any fuss.

I have adopted the trunk cabin for many reasons. Perhaps the most important is that we can get more headroom without making an abnormally high-sided boat as would have to be done in a raised deck boat. This fact, together with the increased safety in going forward to tend the anchor, and increased ventilation, more than make up for any slight increase in cost and possibility of leakage over the raised deck cabin. Furthermore, this boat can be built as an open launch by simply fitting a low cockpit coaming in place of the house coaming and omitting the interior work without further change of plans.

Why, yes, she *is* a flat bottom boat! Something like the famous Chesapeake Bay and Jersey Coast skipjack, something like the Seabright skiff so popular with Jersey fishermen, something like the New England dory used on the Grand Banks 1,000 miles from shore, something like the flat bottom skiffs of the South—yet not exactly like any. She is a mongrel, perhaps, but embodying the essentials of a boat for *average* use. She is broadened aft sufficiently to carry the crowd usually loaded into the average boat for a Saturday afternoon run, yet she is narrowed aft to permit as easy running in a moderately rough patch of water as is possible with her model; she is sharpened forward as much as interior space permits, to allow her an easy entrance with the minimum amount of pounding and she has a flat bottom to reduce the cost and to make her easy for amateur building. Yet her sides have been shaped a trifle to add to appearance above water. The slight amount of round given her frames will not require more than a slight hollowing of the under side of the planking to fit this rounded surface and it will greatly improve her appearance.

A study of her plans will reveal that she is an easy job of boat building for the amateur who likes to build his own. There is no rabbetted keel, no steam bending of frames, no fancy corners and shapes which add to the troubles of the amateur and increase the cost on the professional boat builder's job. The frames can be sawed out to form, the planking on the bottom can be run directly fore and aft, fastened, and the ends covered by a protecting batten at the chine. This bottom planking has been made extra heavy so as to withstand any pounding; also, many will want to use this boat in waters where they can run right onto a beach and hop off.

She will pound some in rough water and throw a little spray forward, but where there is one who uses his boat in rough water there are ten who run around near-home waters as smooth as a mill-pond and *Pal* will serve in these waters—as well as take a drubbing in rough water. But in the latter case you must expect to see the spray fly. Her forward sections are practically like those of the New England banks dory, so this should be sufficient.

She is designed, not to go to sea, but to provide an inexpensive motor boat for average use by the average owner under the usual conditions found in the home waters. That is where the average boat serves most and where an inexpensive boat is greatly needed.

Inexpensive, did you say? Yes, for a cabin cruiser offering full cruising accommodations, as does *Pal*, a price of $1,000 for an amateur-built boat, complete with engine and equipment, is inexpensive. We have obtained estimates from boat builders and find that she can be built as a complete hull with equipment, ready for the engine, for under $1,400. It is possible that still other builders might cut this figure considerably. An engine for this little craft should not cost over $350 and you can buy many motors for less money. There are on the market a great many suitable engines of 8 to 16 h.p., which can be purchased for about this amount, or less, which will drive *Pal* from 7 to 10 miles an hour. And there is the great rebuilt engine market for the man who must buy close. Motors up to 25 or 30 h.p. can be installed for speeds of 11 and 12 miles, of course, at increased cost. You can't make her fast, so don't waste power on her.

She is not perfect; she lacks many "trimmings" just as a Ford lacks the costly equipment and furnishings which make the luxurious, higher priced cars so much more comfortable—and likewise expensive. But how many Fords do we see? Khaki-covered, kapoc-filled cushions may lack the beauty and resilience of upholstered springs, but *Pal* has exactly the same kind of cushions many higher priced cruisers have. Galvanized equipment may not look as fine as brass, nicely polished, but who wants to spend his week-ends polishing brass?

I offer the plans as one solution of the problem of the inexpensive motor boat. She is a whole lot of boat for little money and fills a real need.

Those who want to undertake the construction of one of these craft may obtain from the designer, at a nominal cost, complete building plans, specifications, assistance and advice; the designer will also furnish at cost full size patterns from which to cut the stock. The Editor also will lend every assistance possible and will be glad to hear from all interested in getting a real *Pal*.—Ed.

Yachting

Herbert L. Stone, Editor

Samuel Wetherill, Associate Editor

Editorial

The Tax on New Boats Removed

IT is with pleasure that we announce the repeal of the obnoxious ten per cent tax on the building and sale of new boats built for pleasure purposes. The repeal of this tax was contained in the new Revenue Act, passed by Congress recently and signed by President Coolidge on June 2d. The act thus becomes a law thirty days after the signing of the bill, which means that on and after July 3d the tax is eliminated. Sales made up to and including July 2d carry the ten per cent tax under the present law, but after that date these sales are no longer taxable.

The disastrous effect that this tax has had upon the boat business of this country during the past six years is well known to every boat builder and to everyone who has built or bought a new power or sail boat, and we earnestly hope that such a destructive impost may never again be levied upon American boat builders.

The thanks of the boating world are due to the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers, who have worked untiringly and unremittingly for the repeal of the law, and to all those who have aided the committee of the Association that had the matter in hand. They have done a good job.

We believe that the lifting of this tax will result in some new boats being built and will, in a measure, keep the construction of many large yachts from going abroad to foreign shipyards.

The Discussion About the Jib-Headed Rig

There is still a lot of discussion and argument, which has sometimes waxed hot, going on among sailing yachtsmen about the comparative merits of the jib-headed or Marconi rig and the gaff rig. Several articles have appeared in YACHTING recently endeavoring to prove, theoretically, just why the jib-header is the more efficient sail, and many reasons have been advanced to account for this superiority. Some of the reasons have been sound, others not so sound; but it has seemed wise to let these exponents of the two rigs burst into print because, out of the discussion, much information of value to those looking for light on the subject has been forthcoming, and because discussion is always good if for no other reason than to blow off steam and relieve the pressure on those holding pet theories on a subject.

We have, of course, learned a lot about wind pressure on curved areas from the experiments made with aeroplanes, and it would be a good thing if more scientific experimenting could be done with sails for boats, but the problem is not the same in the two cases, and natural laws which hold true in aeronautics do not *always* hold true under the different conditions encountered in sail boats.

Most of those who hold a brief for the jib-header seem to take for granted the superior handiness of the new rig. With this contention we cannot entirely agree, especially when the rig is an extreme one, as it is in most racing yachts. The difficulty of staying the mast, the fact that battens are forever catching in backstays and lifts, that backstays get foul of the spreaders, that the spreaders are apt to chafe and tear the sail, that the boom has a tendency to cockbill, that slides frequently catch on the track, are all things which make the rig anything but the handy one it is pictured. Ask most any six-meter skipper. He knows.

Cruising Time

I have overhauled my old sea chest,
  My boots and dungarees,
Kettles and pans, sou'westers and charts
  Out of all that belongs to me;
I gaze at my truck as I lay it out
  An' my mind a-wandering goes
Through the calm and strife of a cruiser's life
  From the Sound t' where the tide of Fundy flows.

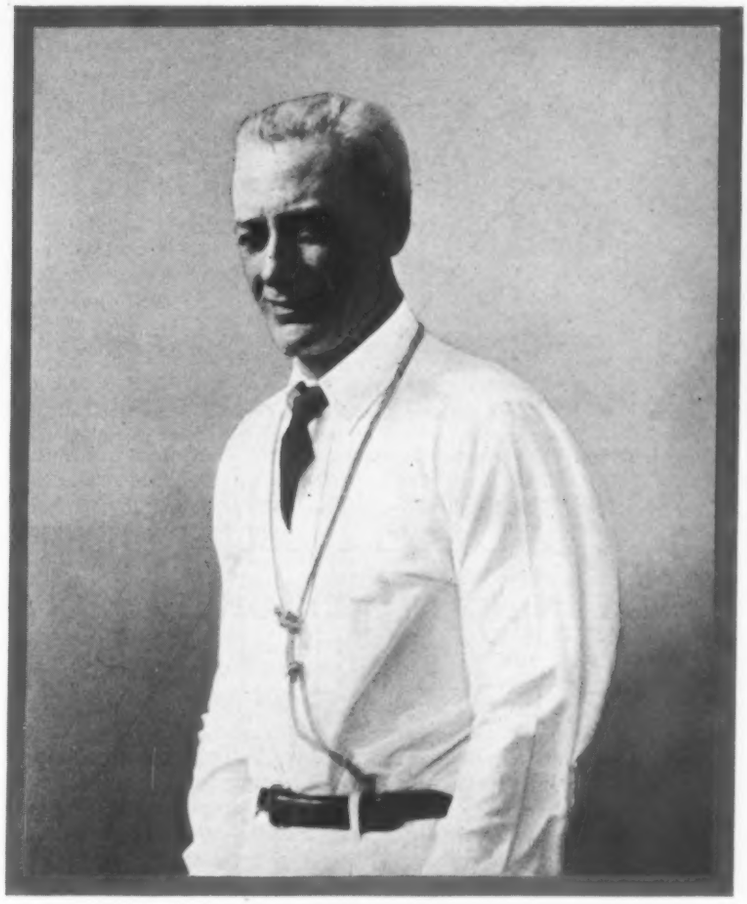
We apologize to our old friend, Frederick William Wallace, for mutilating above one of his fine verses, but it so aptly fits the feelings of the cruising man just at this season, one could not help taking liberties.

Yes, cruising time is here. Fit 'er out; stock 'er up with grub; overhaul your roll of charts and find out what ones you're missing for the long traverse you're going to make this year; put her nose on the course, crack on sail or open up the throttle, as the case may be, and let her go for the first long jump. The farther away from home you can get, the better, for you're off on the "trail that's always new," with carking care left behind. And if you can be gone for a month, you're lucky, and if for two months, you're luckier yet.

The cruising man often wonders how the racing man in this great game we play on the sea can be content with a boat in which he cannot cruise. The answer, probably, is because the latter has never really experienced the joy of a long voyage into strange waters or felt the satisfaction that comes from bringing, at the end of a long run, the boat under your command into a harbor you have never been in before. I'll bet Columbus, when he sighted Watling Island, had nothing on the man who drops his hook in a good berth after a 100-mile run along a strange coast or through difficult pilot waters, and knows he has done a good job.

That's why good cruising yachts are in such demand.

In the World of Yachting

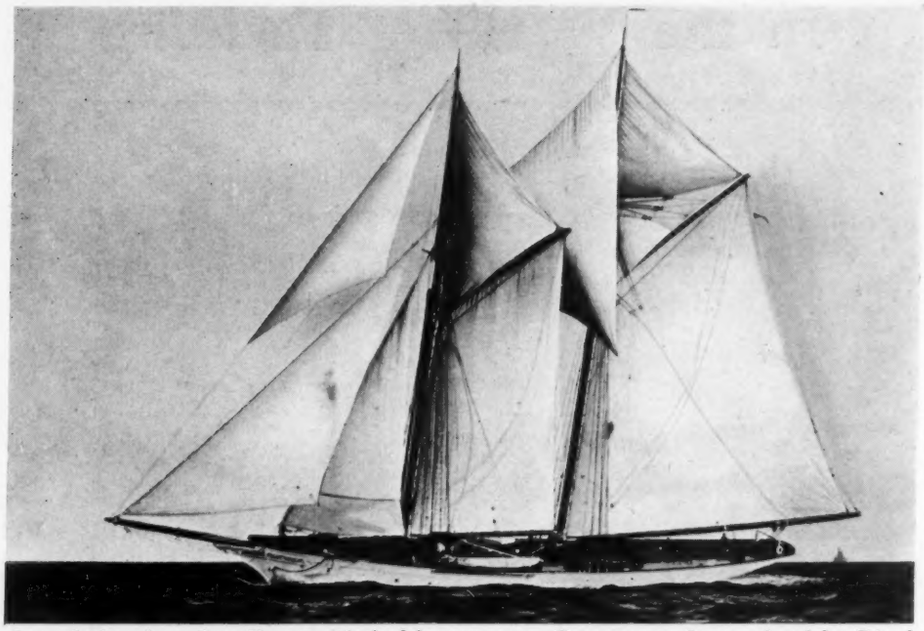


GEORGE NICHOLS

GEORGE NICHOLS, Vice-Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, has been so prominent in yachting affairs the past ten or twelve years that it is difficult to say through which of his many activities he has become best known to American yachtsmen. Long a member of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian and the New York Yacht Clubs, he has been identified with nearly every movement in those organizations looking toward the bettering or broadening of yachting and yacht racing. From 1921 to 1924 he was President of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, and did much to strengthen and build up the prestige of this foremost racing association of the United States.

Known as a racing man rather than a cruising yachtsman, he has sailed in everything from Seawanhaka 15-footers to America's Cup defenders. He was in the Sonder Class, in the Beaver, for many years, and as owner of the thirty-footer Phryne he sailed hard and successfully in that fine little class for a couple of seasons. Later he bought the fifty-footer Carolina, and has raced her consistently since 1916.

In 1922 he was one of the selection committee to pick the American team of Six-Meter boats to meet the British team, and he is on the same committee again this year.



Cutty Sark under sail. She recently had her steam auxiliary power plant replaced by Diesel Electric Drive. The photograph was made when she was painted white.

The Development of Diesel Electric Drive and the Conversion of the Auxiliary Schooner Yacht *Cutty Sark*

By A. B. Raymond
Consulting Engineer of Tams & King

THE Diesel Electric Drive was developed primarily for submarine propulsion. It was essential in providing for submarine propelling machinery to have a power plant which was compact, that required as small an amount of fuel as possible for a large radius of action and that would permit of the propulsion of the submarine when entirely submerged. This was accomplished by installing Diesel generating sets.

These sets, however, were not alone directly connected to the propelling motor, but were used for charging the large storage batteries, and this charging process was carried out while the submarine was on the surface where the exhaust gases could be readily gotten rid of. When the submarine submerged, the propelling motor drew its power from the storage batteries and the Diesel engines were not operated. This made it necessary, of course, for the submarine to repeatedly come to the surface for recharging its batteries. The weight of these batteries was also a very big factor to contend with.

Diesel Electric Drive First Ordered for *Guinevere*

Shortly after the Armistice, Mr. A. L. Swasey, of Boston, discussed the feasibility of using Diesel Electric Drive for pleasure craft with Commander Joseph Fisher, U.S.N., who had been in charge of internal combustion machinery for the Navy Department during the war, and with the writer, who at the time was connected with the Design Division of the Navy Department. He also took the matter up with Mr. Edgar Palmer, whose steam auxiliary *Guinevere* had been taken over by the Navy Department and lost off the coast of France in the early days of the war, while on duty as a mine sweeper.

Mr. Palmer was anxious to replace his former yacht and became interested in the possibility of installing Diesel Electric equipment in place of the steam equipment which he had in the first *Guinevere*. The matter was taken up with the Winton Engine Works of Cleveland and was reported upon adversely. After a conference with Mr. Palmer, however, Mr. Swasey and the writer went to Cleveland and after a talk with Mr. Alexander Winton decided to go into the matter with the two large electric manufacturing companies.

At the request of Mr. Codrington, of the Winton Company, the writer returned to Cleveland, where a conference was arranged with those in charge of the development of marine electrical equipment for the Westinghouse Company, at which the characteristics of the proposed installation were determined. Voltages were selected and the method of control discussed. This resulted in an order for the first Diesel Electric equipment placed by Mr. Palmer with George Lawley & Son, of Neponset, Mass., and by that organization with the Winton Engine Works and the Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Company. This order comprised two 6-cylinder Winton Diesel engines of 300 to 350 H.P. each at 225 R.P.M., two Westinghouse generators to be direct connected to the Diesel engines of 225 K.W. each, two 15 K.W. exciters to be chain driven and one 550 H.P. motor for the single screw drive with the necessary switchboard and control equipment.

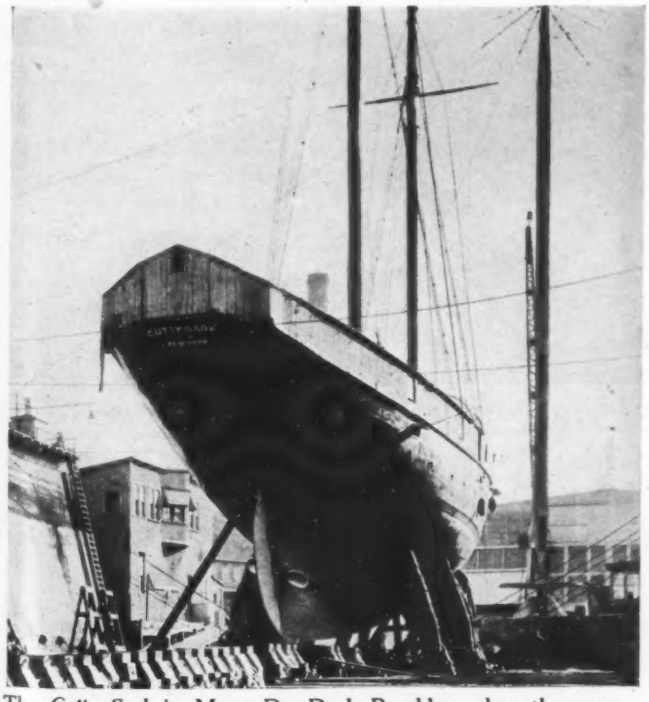
Besides the *Guinevere*, the auxiliary yachts *Elfay* and *Alcyone* were equipped with this drive and the power yacht *Valero II*, also a number of ferryboats and commercial craft, and then came the most recent conversion of the *Cutty Sark*.

Conversion of the *Cutty Sark*

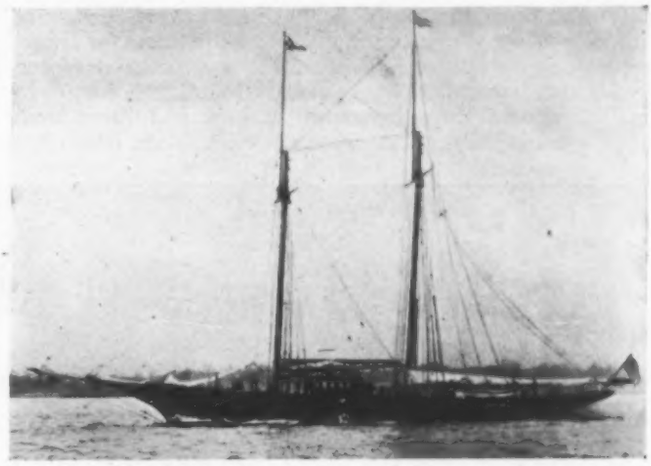
The auxiliary schooner yacht *Cutty Sark* was designed y the firm of Tams, Lemoine & Crane, Naval Architects (now Tams & King), in 1901, for Mr. Henry W. Putnam, and was built by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company, of Wilmington, Del. At the time she was designed it was the owner's intention to sail the yacht around Cape Horn and cruise in the Pacific. For this reason she was built of somewhat heavier scantlings and plating than ould be used for a yacht of her size ordinarily. The is built of steel and she was equipped with a water- e boiler and compound steam engine of 125 I.H.P. er dimensions are: length overall, 147' 7"; length water ne, 110'; beam, 26', and with steam installation in loaded ondition her draft was between 16' and 16' 6". She was of 168 net tons and 246 gross tons. She carried a lofty schooner rig, which was reduced somewhat about three ears ago. Under power alone she was capable of mak- ng about 9 knots, but seldom could maintain this speed t sea.

Her accommodations are similar to those provided in schooners of this type and size. She has a roomy fore- castle forward, aft of which comes her galley, extending across the vessel. Below the galley is her icebox, large enough to take from 2 to 2½ tons of ice and still leave room for meats and other cold storage stores. Abaft the galley in the center is her officers' mess room and on either side of the mess room are staterooms for the officers. Aft of the officers' mess room came her upper engine room and before her conversion she had a small coal bunker between the main and upper decks on the port side and a large coal bunker between these decks on the starboard side.

After her conversion to Diesel Electric the bunker space on the port side was used for an officers' toilet and the bunker space on her starboard side was converted into a stateroom and toilet for the captain. On the port side is the passageway leading to the main saloon and owner's quarters aft. The main saloon is directly aft of the upper engine room and extends entirely across the vessel. It is a large, bright room, with a skylight in the center, increasing the appearance of roominess. The owner's stateroom is directly aft of the main saloon on the starboard side, aft of which is the owner's bathroom and a second stateroom adjoining the owner's bath. On the port side is a stateroom, an open space at the bottom of the companion, usually termed the chart room, a bathroom and another stateroom. At the stern is a double stateroom and aft of this a third bathroom.



The *Cutty Sark* in Morse Dry Dock, Brooklyn, where the conversion from steam to Diesel was made.



Cutty Sark, auxiliary schooner owned by Alexander W. Smith, on her first trip with Diesel Electric Drive.

The *Cutty Sark*, with her steam installation, had no deckhouse, but on deck over the upper engine room was a fidley which housed the hinged smokestack so that the smokestack could be taken down when the schooner was under sail and not under power and allow free play to the foreboom. When the Diesel Electric installation was made, this deck structure was dispensed with and a pilot house and chart house combined installed in its place. Not having a smokestack to contend with, the foreboom swings above and clear of this pilot house.

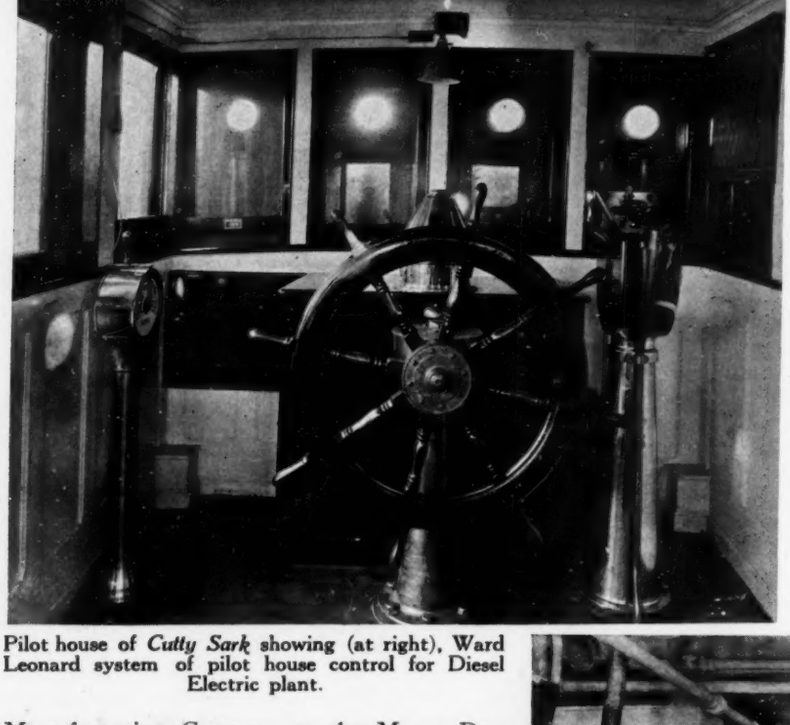
Steam Equipment Removed

The *Cutty Sark* before her conversion was equipped with a steam plant consisting of two small Almy water-tube boilers in a single casing, new in 1920. These were built for a pressure of 250 pounds. She had a compound engine built by John W. Sullivan, the high-pressure cylinder 9", low-pressure cylinder 19", with a stroke of 14". She was equipped with a 4 K.W. steam lighting set and an Exide storage battery. The *Cutty Sark's* coal consumption with this equipment averaged about 4½ tons per 24 hours. She had a bunker capacity of 23 tons of coal and a fresh water capacity of 3,135 gallons. She carried as ballast 80 tons of lead.

When the new installation was begun, the first work was the removal of the steam equipment. The boilers, engine, condenser, pumps, steam piping, horseshoe thrust and thrust shaft and the steam auxiliary generating set were removed from the hull after the fidley had been taken from the weather deck; also uptakes, stack, ventilators, evaporator, distiller, ash ejector, switchboard and the old engine-room flooring, ladders, etc. The coal bunker bulkheads were then removed and the interior of the hull cleaned and made ready to receive the new equipment.

Fuel oil tanks of ⅜" plate, eight in number and having a capacity of 5,750 gallons of fuel oil, were built in the shops, tested and installed on either side of the shaft alley and extending from the after part of the engine room to the water tanks in the after section of the shaft alley.

Foundations for the propelling motor were then built in place, after which the foundations for the main Diesel generating sets were built in, using a small part of the old boiler foundation where it was found possible to do so. The main propelling motor was shipped direct from the East Pittsburgh plant of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company to the Morse Dry Dock and was installed on its foundation.



Pilot house of *Cutty Sark* showing (at right), Ward Leonard system of pilot house control for Diesel Electric plant.

Propelling Units Installed Assembled

The installation of the new Diesel Electric equipment was then begun. The two main generating sets were lowered into position and set up on their foundations without taking the units apart, so that each Diesel engine, its generator and exciter, was placed in position just as it left the test floor at the Winton Engine Works.

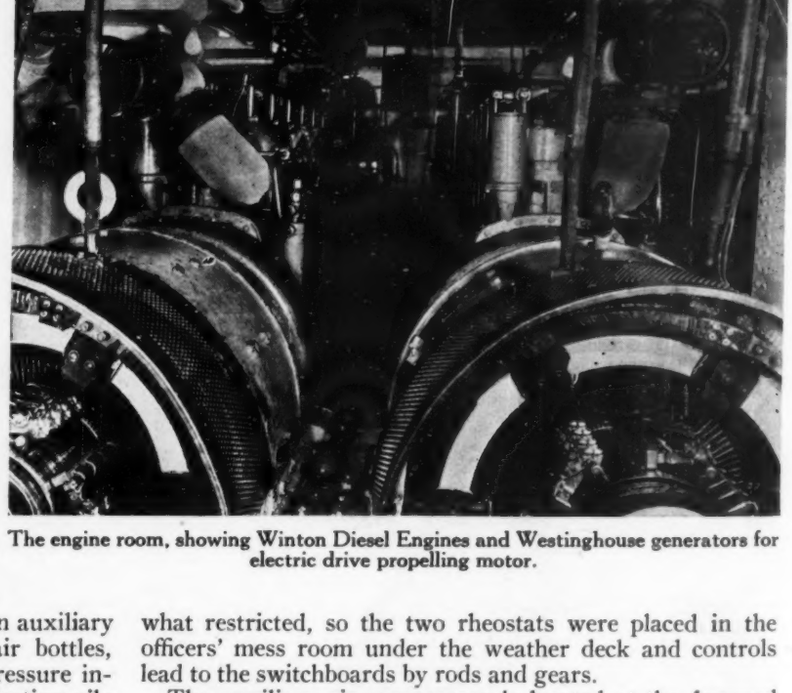
In addition to the main propelling equipment, which consists of two 6-cylinder Winton Diesel engines, 100 H.P. each, driving 65 K.W. Westinghouse D.C. generators and 7 K.W. exciters and the Westinghouse propelling motor of 150 H.P., the *Cutty Sark* was equipped with the following auxiliary equipment: Main switchboard and auxiliary switchboard, located in the upper engine room; the control pedestal, located in the pilot house; storage battery, located in the battery box on deck just aft of the pilot house; a 7½ K.W. Winton generating set running on gasoline; an auxiliary air compressor which is motor driven; two air bottles, one for the starting air and one for the high-pressure injection air; two oil coolers for cooling the lubricating oil; two oil filters for filtering the lubricating oil; a motor-driven fire and bilge pump with 5 H.P. motor, and other oil and water pumps.

In addition there were installed in the engine room two 150-gallon gasoline tanks to supply fuel for the 7½ K.W. generating set and two ¼ H.P. blowers, one connected with a cowl on top of the pilot house and supplying the engine room with fresh air, and one connected with a second cowl on top of the pilot house and used as an exhaust blower.

The installation of the exhaust piping was quite different from anything previously attempted. Both Diesel engines exhaust into a common exhaust pipe of large diameter. This was a copper pipe, water-jacketed, and extended forward in the engine room, then was carried up at the forward end of the engine room to just under the weather deck. At this point the single line divided at a "Y" and the piping was carried to both sides of the vessel and then brought down to about 18" above the waterline, where the gases finally passed outboard. This entire piping was water-jacketed. There was a cast-iron valve placed at each engine and a large cast-iron valve between the "Y" and each side of the ship. This permitted the exhaust gases from either engine or from both engines to be exhausted upon either side of the vessel or upon both sides at the same time. The object of this installation was to make it possible to deliver the exhaust gases to the leeward side of the vessel when it was desirable to do so to prevent the gases being blown across the deck. No mufflers were placed in this exhaust line, but the piping throughout was oversize.

Location of Auxiliaries

Space in the upper engine room was somewhat restricted, so the two rheostats were placed in the officers' mess room under the weather deck and controls lead to the switchboards by rods and gears.



The engine room, showing Winton Diesel Engines and Westinghouse generators for electric drive propelling motor.

The auxiliary air compressor is located at the forward end of the engine room directly under the neck of the two air bottles, so that the two air compressors on the Diesel engines and the auxiliary air compressor were all near to the air bottles and reduced the high-pressure air piping to a minimum. The cooling water to the Diesel engines was so piped that in an emergency either engine

could draw from either sea cock and, still further, the circulation could be governed by the bilge pump in case of trouble with the water pumps on the engines. This also might be used to cool the engines after they themselves had stopped.

The fuel piping was so installed that all of the tanks could be filled through either side of the vessel and so that the fuel in any one tank could be transferred through the transfer pump to any other tank; this made it possible to keep the vessel from having a list.

A work bench and tool board were located on the port side of the engine room and lockers and shelves placed in the shaft alley for engineer's stores.

The steam radiators were left as they had been and new ones added in the pilot house and captain's stateroom. A small heater, burning hard coal, was placed in the galley and the water heated in this heater was pumped by a motor-driven pump through the steam radiators, giving a forced circulation.

An emergency telegraph was placed in the pilot house and also connected with the old telegraph at the after steering wheel so that the engineer on watch could handle the vessel in case the pilot-house control was not used.

Wheel in Pilot House Operated Steering Wheel Aft

A hand-steering wheel was placed in the pilot house and this was connected with the after wheel by means of drums and wire cable running through the engine room and shaft alley and by means of sprockets and chain in the lazarette, so that the steering wheel in the pilot house operated the steering gear aft, using the old worm gear already installed. A clutch was placed at the after wheel so that the pilot-house wheel could be thrown out of action when the vessel was under sail and being handled from the after wheel.

The steam windlass was converted, taking off the old steam engine, installing a new base and a 10 H.P. motor and connecting this with the worm drive on the old windlass. An electric boat hoist of 6 H.P. was installed just abaft the mainmast, to be used principally for handling the heavier boats and for hoisting the mainsail.

Two-Blade Propeller Efficient at 240 R.P.M.

Before conversion the *Cutty Sark* had a three-blade bronze propeller, 54″ diameter and blades of variable pitch, from 59½″ at the hub to 65″ at the tip. The steam machinery turned this about 195 R.P.M. maximum. This wheel was replaced by a two-blade Hyde bronze wheel of 68″ diameter and 60″ pitch. This was a solid wheel, but was so installed that it could be held in a vertical position in its aperture when the vessel was under sail alone, the adjustment being made in the shaft alley. The R.P.M. of this propeller under maximum power was 240.

Summary of Advantages of Diesel Electric Drive

The cost of Diesel Electric equipment at the present time exceeds the cost of straight Diesel installations, but this is compensated for by its several advantages.

A saving in weight can be effected by the use of small high-speed generating units.

The space requirements are not far different from direct drive. The propelling machinery can be divided up in such a way that the generating units and propelling motor can be separated, and this sometimes will permit a more satisfactory arrangement.

From the standpoint of dependability, a Diesel Electric installation, with twin screws and four generating units, so wired that the power from either of the generating units can be used upon either screw, makes an installation which cannot be approached by the straight Diesel drive or by the steam drive.

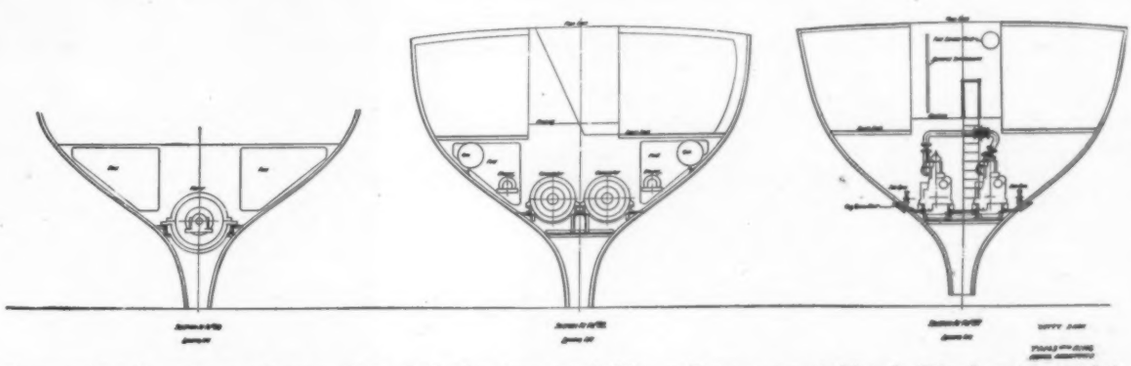
Propelling motor or motors can be installed where they are most out of the way, for where diameter is not important, a single armature motor of short length and large diameter can be used. Where the location of the shaft is such that a smaller diameter motor is preferable, a double armature motor of smaller diameter and greater length, but of equal power, can be installed.

A factor which is seldom considered by the engineer, but appeals strongly to the naval architect, is the possibility of distributing the machinery weights throughout the length of the vessel in such a way that her action in a sea is improved.

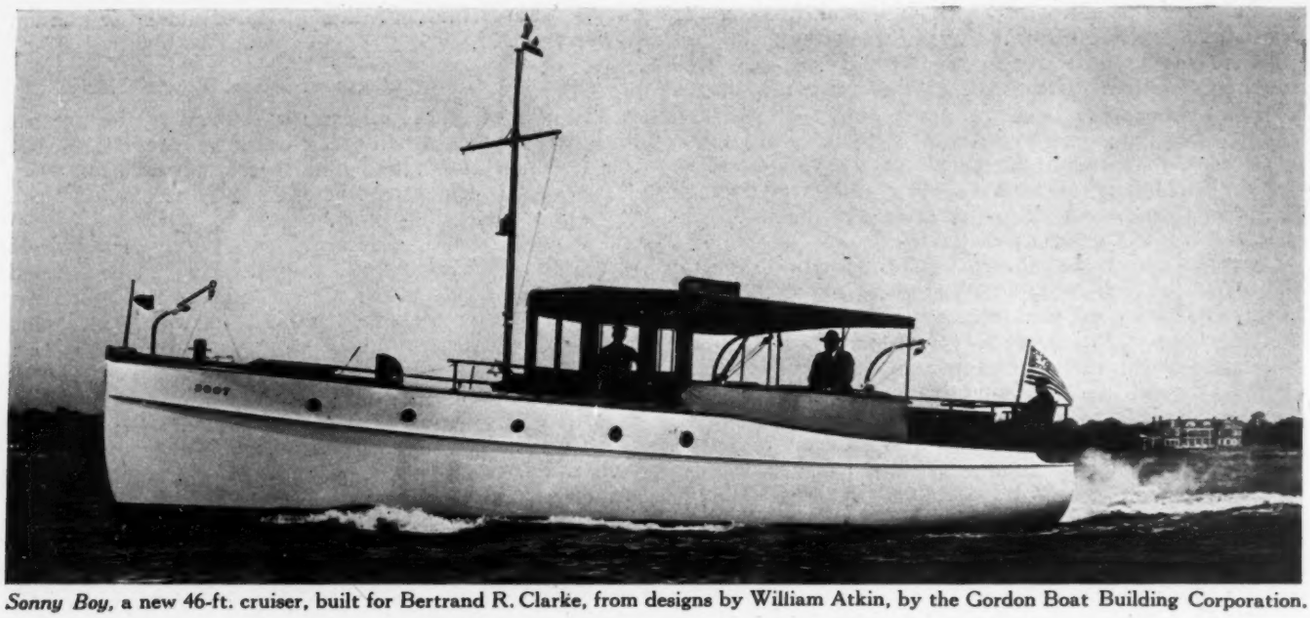
For instance, in the case of the *Cutty Sark*, with her steam machinery installation, her boilers, engine, condenser, and bunker coal were all concentrated within a short length. With her Diesel Electric installation, the distribution of her weights was almost ideal. First came her anchors and chains forward, then her ice and stores, then just aft of these her Diesel engines and generators, then her propelling motor, and following this her fuel tanks. From where her fuel tanks ended, her water tanks continued aft, thus making a remarkably even distribution of her weights longitudinally. The distribution of weights for transverse stability is also in favor of the Diesel Electric installation, as the centers of gravity are low.

* * * * * *

The Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, of Brooklyn, was the shipyard selected by the owner for the entire work of reconditioning and conversion of the *Cutty Sark* from a steam to a Diesel Electric propelled vessel, by reason of the exceptional facilities of this plant for doing a job of this kind.



Cross section of auxiliary schooner *Cutty Sark*, showing remarkably small space occupied by the Diesel engines (right), generators (center), and propelling motor (left), in an auxiliary plant of this size.



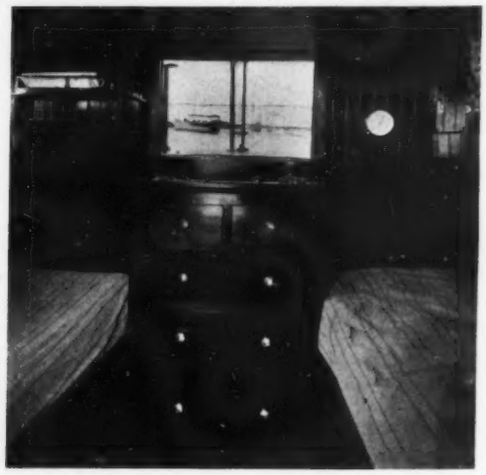
Sonny Boy, a new 46-ft. cruiser, built for Bertrand R. Clarke, from designs by William Atkin, by the Gordon Boat Building Corporation.

Sonny Boy—A 46-ft. Bridge Deck Cruiser

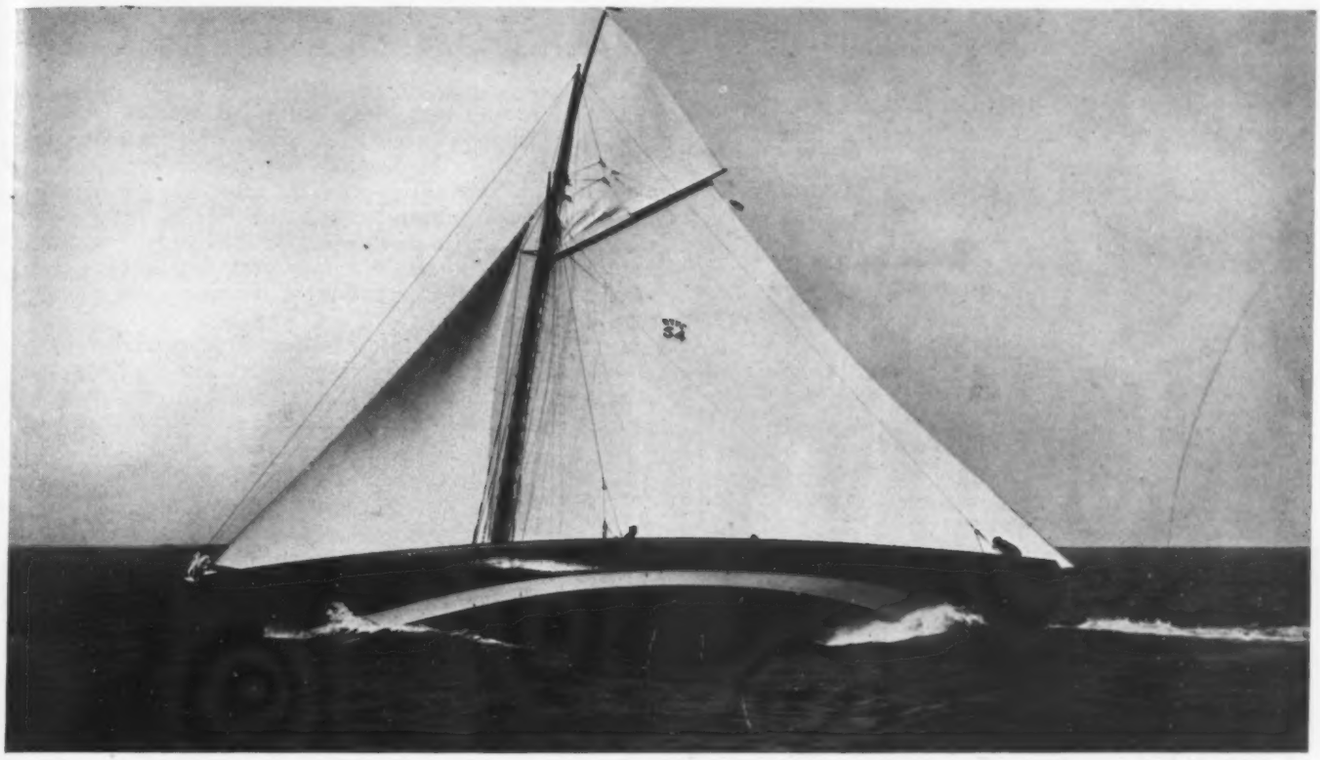
The forward cabin of *Sonny Boy*, looking through to the galley.

A new cruiser of rather unusual design which was worked out by Messrs. Wm. Atkin and H. H. Gordon, Jr., is the *Sonny Boy*, owned by Mr. B. R. Clarke of the New Rochelle Yacht Club. This boat, which is the first of a number which the Gordon Boat Building Company is putting out as a standardized design, was delivered recently and the pictures of her, taken shortly after she was launched, show what an interesting craft she is. In appearance she is exceedingly handsome, with a typical Atkin bow, a raised forward deck, a very roomy sheltered bridge deck, with a cabin house aft. As a sea boat she has proved exceedingly easy and steady. She is easily driven and fast for her power, a 6-cylinder Scripps motor giving her a speed of 13 miles per hour.

The bridge deck is unusually roomy and is protected at the forward end.



The after stateroom, showing how mirror is hinged to give a view aft.



Mystic, the N.Y.Y. C. "Fifty," getting all the wind she wants on the opening day of the racing season. She was formerly the *Grayling* and is now owned by Clifford D. Mallory.

Her dimensions are: L.O.A., 46 ft.; beam, 11 ft.; draft, 3 ft. 6 in.

The arrangement gives a galley forward, followed by a forward cabin which is very roomy and which sleeps four on spring berths. From this cabin a companionway goes to the bridge deck, the entrance to the motor compartment being under the companion ladder.

The after cabin, with an entrance from the bridge deck, has also a double and a single berth, and sleeps three. A rather unusual idea is a hinged mirror on the after bulkhead of the cabin, which can be raised, giving an unobstructed view aft and additional light and ventilation. The whole boat is finished in mahogany, the fittings and upholstery giving a most pleasing effect. It is a type of boat which will, we predict, become very popular.

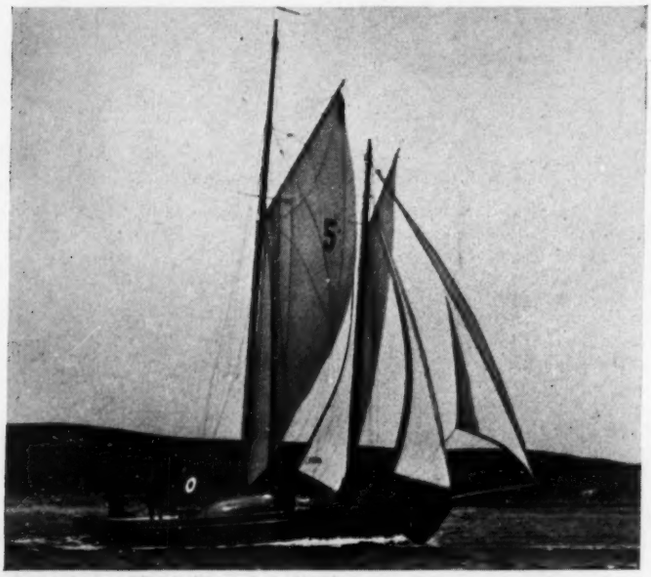
Brooklyn Ocean Challenge Cup Race

The Race Committee of the American Yacht Club, holders of the Brooklyn Yacht Club Ocean Challenge Cup, have announced that a challenge has been received from the New Rochelle Yacht Club, and that the race will be held on August 26th over a course of 280 nautical miles, starting at Sea Gate, rounding Vineyard Sound Light Vessel and finishing off the American Yacht Club at Rye, N. Y. The New Rochelle Club will probably nominate *Azor*, *Little Hope* or *Memory* as challenger. It was expected that the American Club would defend with *Butterfly*, the winner of last year's race, but it is doubtful if Stuyvesant Wainwright, her owner, will place his craft in commission this year, so the cup may go by default.

Some time ago YACHTING, through an anonymous donor, offered two valuable trophies to the American Y. C. Committee, to be raced for by two-masted yachts which, because of their rig, would have no chance of winning against the fast sloops which would compete for the Brooklyn Cup. The Committee accepted these cups, but the announcement of the race has been put off so long that it is doubtful if the race can be pulled off successfully, especially in view of the great interest already aroused in other long races, such as the Bermuda Race, Block Island Race, Halifax Race, etc.

Philip R. Mallory at the wheel of the 50-footer *Mystic*.

The New Bedford-Block Island Race Sailed in Half a Gale

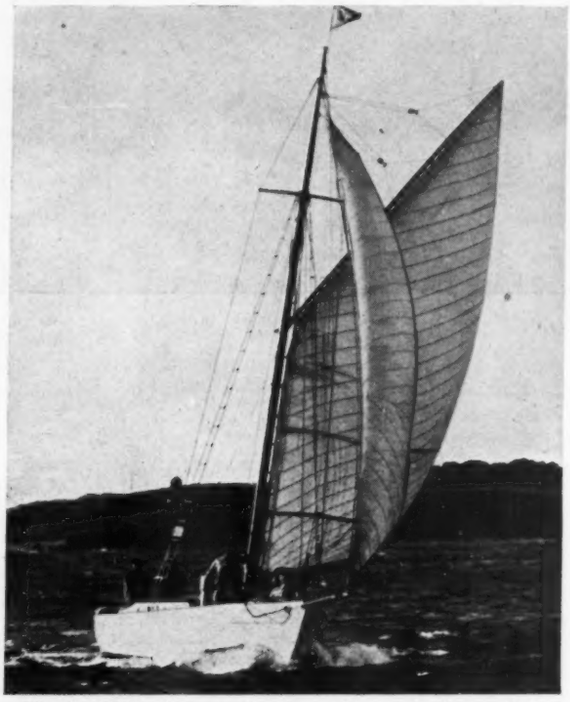


Malabar V, owned by J. G. Alden, which won the race from New Bedford to Block Island, sailed in a very hard breeze.

A WIND that split canvas and snapped spars made the New Bedford Yacht Club's Memorial Day race to Block Island a first-class test of boats and seamanship. The fleet started at eight in the morning with a fresh nor'-wester over the quarter, and the wind increased to half a gale as the day advanced, swinging to the west and southwest as they neared the island, making it a hard beat to windward for the last fifteen miles.

Malabar V, John Alden's new schooner, and the Herreshoff 30-footer *Adios* won sporting victories, the little sloop crossing the line with her mainsail and half her gear in a mess on deck and nothing but a scandalized spinnaker to pull her across in time to save her victory over Karl Isburg's *Celeritas*, a Larchmont Class O sloop and a much larger boat, which was first at the finish on elapsed time. These two were the only boats in the special sloop class. *Adios*, sailed by Charles E. Trowbridge of Newport, carried away her gaff in sight of the finish line, and it was only by the finest seamanship that her crew were able to set the spinnaker in the heavy sea running off Block Island.

In the schooner class, *Malabar V* showed herself a worthy successor to her earlier namesakes by being first boat home in the schooner class, though she was matched against two much larger boats. The schooner *Sachem II*, of Providence, finished second in this class. The wind was so strong that several of the boats had to reef, while on the schooners foresails or staysails were stowed.



Menikoe III, winner in the sloop class. She is owned by R. Eugene Ashley.

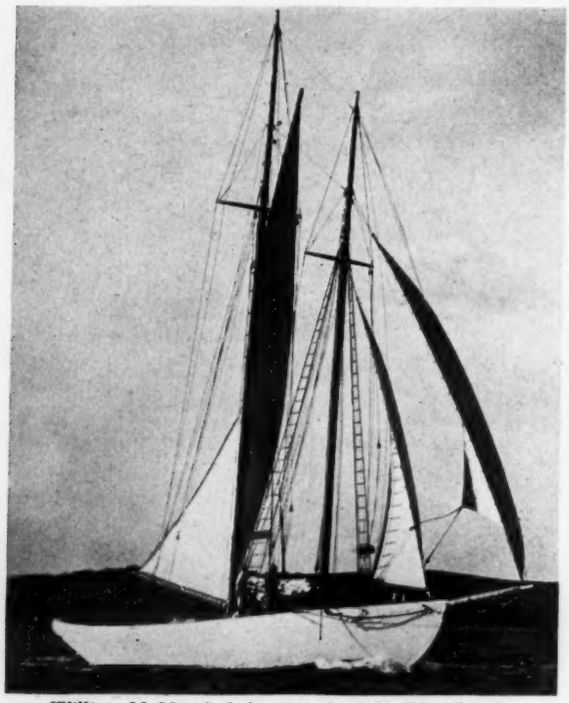
R. Eugene Ashley in the Hand-designed *Menikoe III* won the regular sloop class for heavier boats than *Adios* and *Celeritas*, while Clarence Higgins in the *Rondinella* won over Dr. L. Nietsch in the *Sea Call*.

The Friendship sloop *Edna* broke her main boom, the schooner *Lizzie* split her headsails, the *Karnak*, flagship of the fleet, sprang a leak, and the little Casey stock sloop *Seagull* sought shelter in the old harbor.

The time was as follows:

Name	Owner	Start	Finish	Elapsed Time	Cor'ted Time
Slp. *Celeritas*	Karl Isburgh	8.00.00	4.23.05	8.23.05	8.23.05
Slp. *Adios*	Charles E. Trowbridge	8.00.00	4.37.25	8.37.25	8.08.28
Sch. *Malabar V*	John G. Alden	8.00.00	5.08.12	9.08.12	8.30.05
Sch. *Sachem II*	Rowe B. Metcalf	8.00.00	5.35.00	9.35.00	8.45.15
Sch. *Flying Cloud III*	Lawrence Grinnell	8.00.00	5.39.08	9.39.08	*N.M.
Sch. *Blue Goose*	William H. Hand, Jr.	8.00.00	6.03.28	10.03.28	10.03.28
Slp. *Menikoe III*	R. Eugene Ashley	8.00.00	6.39.35	10.39.35	*N.M.
Ywl. *Rondinella*	Clarence Higgins	8.00.00	7.40.40	11.40.40	11.40.00
Kch. *Sea Call*	Lothar Nietsch	8.00.00	8.55.40	12.55.40	12.10.20
Sch. *Nightingale*	Robert Mitchell	8.00.00	Did Not Finish		
Sch. *Lizzie*	Francis G. Taber	8.00.00	Did Not Finish		
Slp. *Karnak*	Clarence H. Brownell	8.00.00	Did Not Finish		
Slp. *Seagull*	Major J. Casey	8.00.00	Did Not Finish		
Slp. *Edna*	George H. Sistare	8.00.00	Did Not Finish		

* Not Measured.



William H. Hand, Jr.'s new schooner, *Blue Goose*.

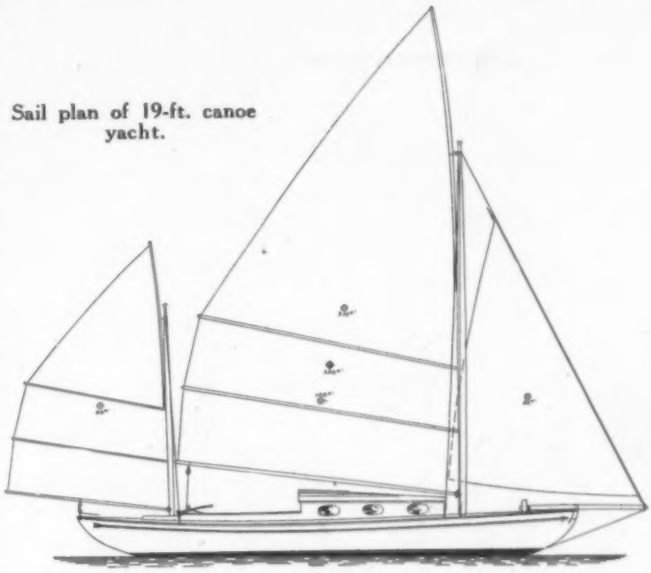
A Small Cruising Canoe-Yacht

By W. P. Stephens

IT is most unfortunate that in American yachting the word "small" is commonly considered synonymous with "short," and the word "size" as synonymous with "length." This was universally the case fifty years ago when over all length was largely the standard of measurement, and it is only too true today, especially as applied to small cruising craft. The average yachtsman who decides to build a "small" yacht starts by selecting the least possible length and then takes breadth and height of cabin house out of all proportion, with a midship section appropriate to a boat of double the length. The design here shown, which I got out for my own use, is intended as a really "small" yacht, her size and general type bringing her into the "canoe-yacht" class, with the largest possible cabin on a limited draft and sail area in a hull that is weatherly, seaworthy and easily driven. The whaleboat stern is used as harmonizing in appearance with the bow, giving a good fore-and-aft balance when heeled as well as when upright, and good diagonals.

The keel is very long, to give an adequate area of lateral resistance on a limited draft, to permit of the lashing of the helm when there is work to be done below or forward, and to give a substantial footing in hauling or in case of accidental grounding. The stirrup form of cross-section in the keel is designed to lower the center of gravity, the keel being of iron, to increase the lateral resistance when well heeled, and to afford a stable base. Any loss of time in tacking as compared with the fashionable fin type of keel, and any possible loss of speed through eddy-making by the wide flat base, will be more than compensated by steadiness on the helm, especially in rough water, and by the ease with which the boat may be handled on land, and but little care is necessary in blocking up for the winter.

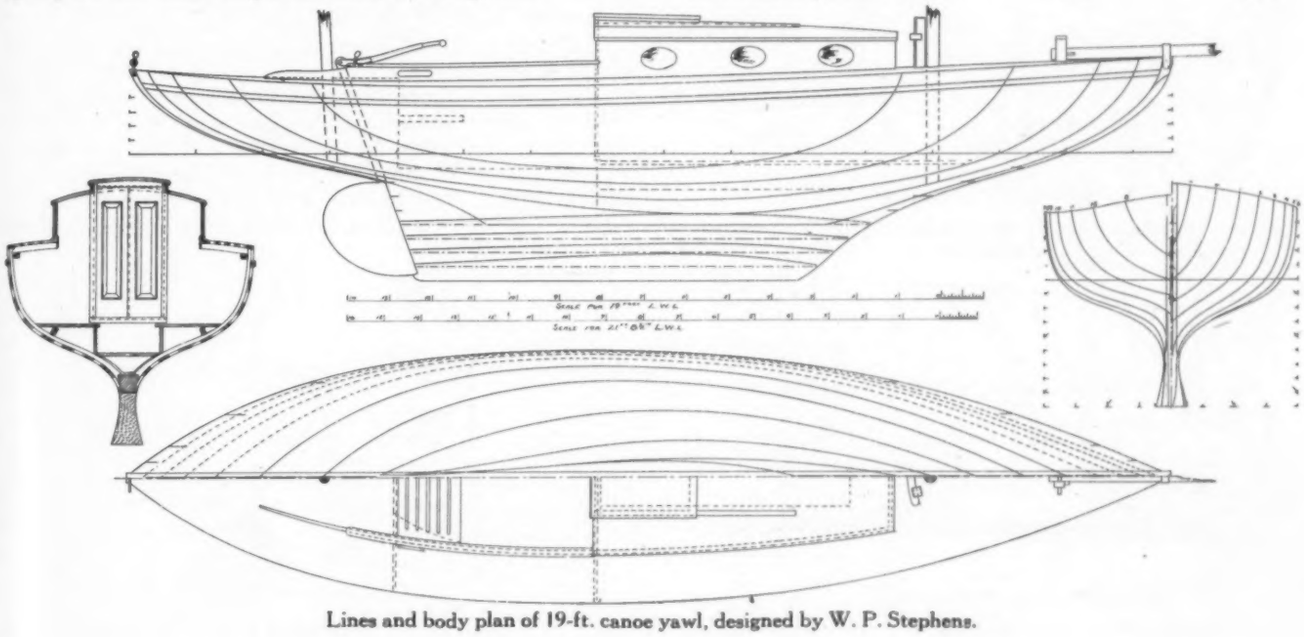
The original design, with a waterline of but 19 feet, gave a cabin 7 ft. long with 3 ft. 10 in. headroom, enough to afford sitting space over the cushions, each of the side lockers making a bed. By way of additional accommodation, the space between the lockers is bridged by light slats and with a third cushion makes a bed the full width of the cabin. From the mainmast forward there is stowage space for duffle bags, blankets, clothing, etc.



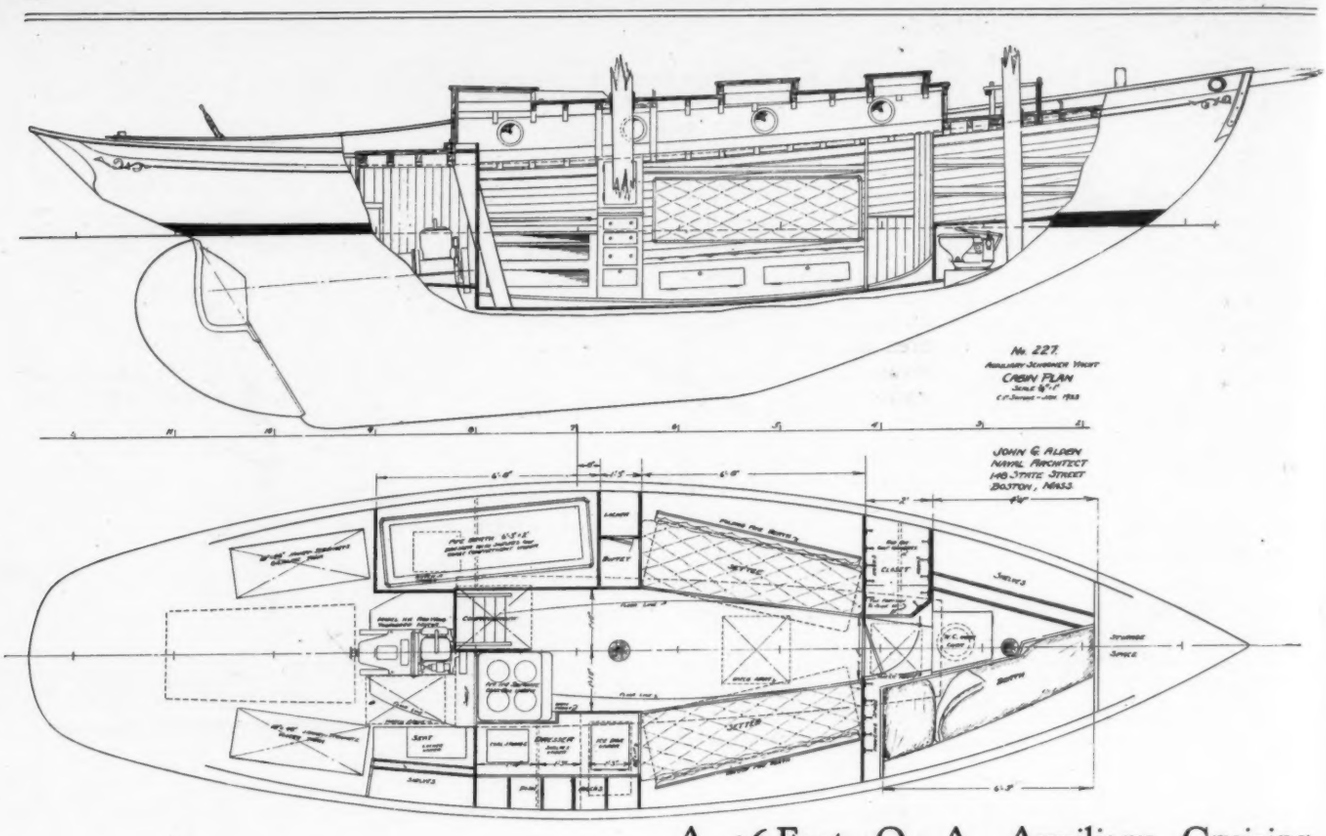
Sail plan of 19-ft. canoe yacht.

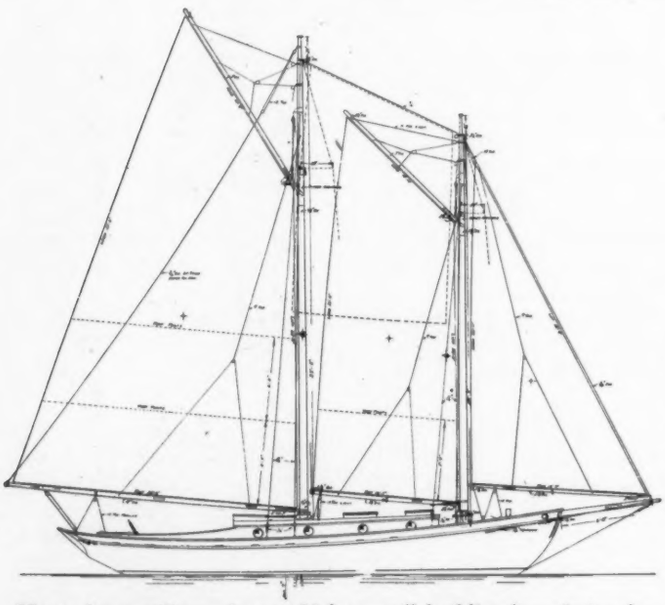
The full dimensions and elements are as follows, the second set being taken from the drawing, to a scale of 1 inch, instead of a scale of ⅞ inch, giving a larger boat.

	⅞-inch Scale		1-inch Scale	
	ft.	ins.	ft.	ins.
Length Over All	24	8	28	2½
L.W.L.	19	—	21	8½
Overhang Bow	2	6	2	10½
Stern	3	2	3	7½
Freeboard Bow	2	3	2	7
Least	1	7	1	9¾
Stern	2	—	2	3½
Breadth, Extreme	6	—	6	10½
Draft	3	—	3	5
Headroom	3	10	4	5
Displacement, Long Tons	1.42		2.11	
Ballast, Iron Keel, Pounds	1,080		1,700	
Sail Area, Square Feet	338		438	



Lines and body plan of 19-ft. canoe yawl, designed by W. P. Stephens.



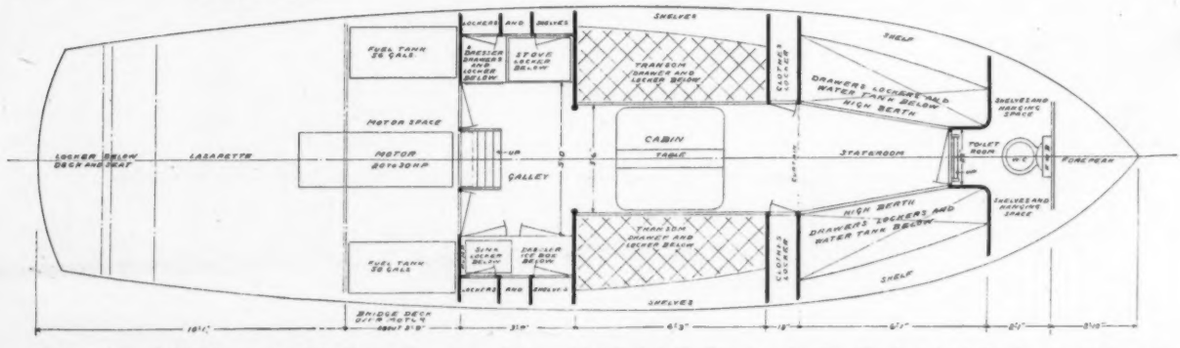


Plans of an auxiliary schooner 36 ft. overall, building from designs by John G. Alden.

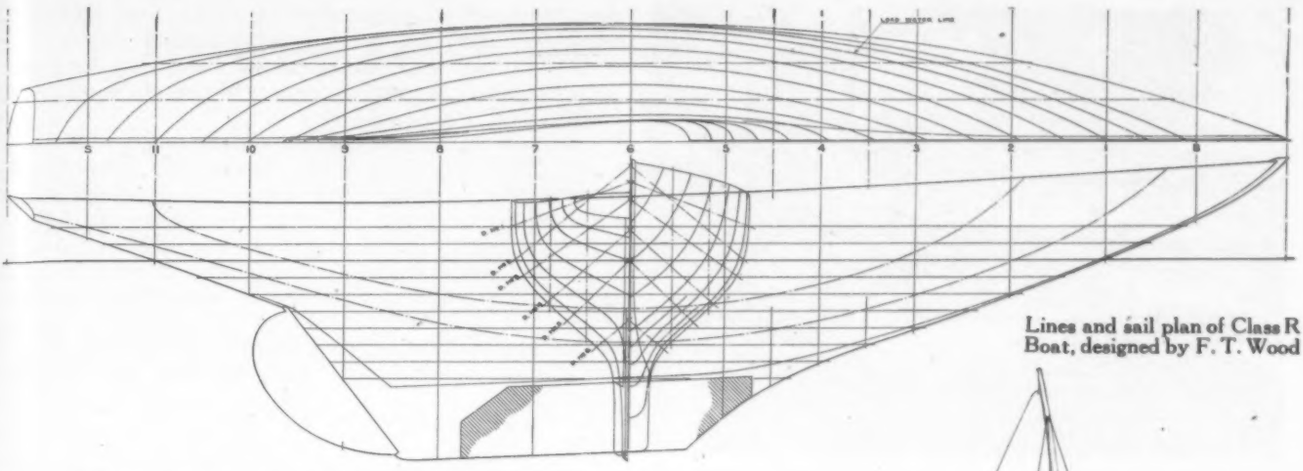
A 36-Foot O. A. Auxiliary Cruising Schooner

It is not often that a schooner rig is put on boats under 40 feet in length, and the early *Malabars,* designed by John G. Alden, were supposed to be about as small as one could go for a schooner. However, the same designer has recently turned out a very attractive little boat, only 36 feet over-all length, which is practically a *Malabar* reduced in size. She has worked out exceedingly well. The overhangs are moderate, the sheer is quite pronounced and the general characteristics of the early *Malabars* are incorporated in the new boat, which is now building in Maine and will be out in the early summer. The schooner rig works in well, even though the vessel is somewhat small. Her dimensions are: l.o.a., 36 feet; w.l., 28 feet 4 inches; beam, 10 feet; draft, 5 feet 9 inches; sail area, 794 square feet.

The layout is unusually good, especially for a boat that does not carry a paid hand. The engine, a 2-cylinder Red Wing, is under the bridge deck, while aft on the starboard side is the galley and on the port side is a built-in berth. The main saloon has two transoms with pipe berths back of them, while there is another built-in berth forward.



Accommodation plan of a 36-foot raised deck power cruiser, designed by Ralph E. Winslow for Dr. Frederick H. Packard, of Waverly, Mass.



Lines and sail plan of Class R Boat, designed by F. T. Wood

A 36-foot Raised Deck Power Cruiser

An extremely good looking and practical power cruiser is shown in the accompanying plans of a 36-footer for Dr. Frederick H. Packard, of Waverly, Mass., from the board of Ralph E. Winslow, Atlantic, Mass. This type of boat has proved extremely popular, is inexpensive to build and operate as boats go nowadays, and has lots of room below and in the cockpit.

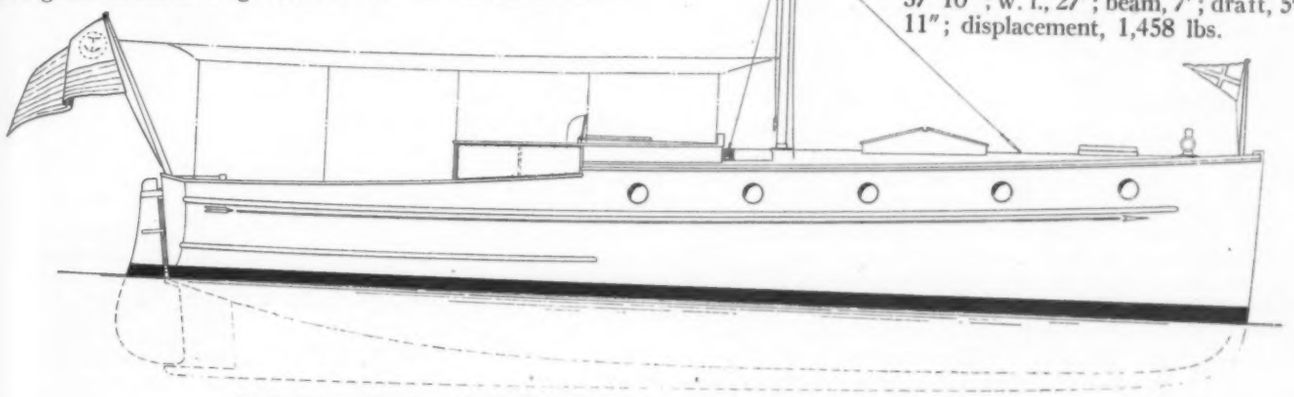
The plans show a stateroom forward with two berths, two full-length clothes lockers and a main cabin with two transoms, dining table, etc. With extension transoms this compartment can be made to sleep four persons. Abaft the cabin is a large galley, with a motor room below the raised deck. In the cockpit there is a wide after seat with plenty of room left for easy chairs.

The motor shown is a 4-cylinder 20-24 h.p. 5" x 6½" engine, which gives a speed of 10 miles per hour. The design is suitable for many different makes of 4-cylinder motors, from 20 to 60 h.p., which will develop speeds up to 13 miles an hour. A yacht of this type can be built complete for from $4,000 to $7,000, depending on the motor and power selected, on the specifications and on where she is built.

Her dimensions are: l. o. a., 36′; l. w. l., 35′ 6″; beam, 10′; draft, 3′ 2″.

Plans of Class R Racer

By reason of the interest in the R Class, the most popular of the open classes under our rule, we are publishing herewith the designs of a 20-rater for this class designed by F. T. Wood of Brooklyn, N. Y. The designer says that in getting up the plans his object was to produce a yacht with a long waterline which would be easily driven and good under average conditions. On account of the necessarily large displacement the lines were drawn out with an easy entrance and run. The bilges are slack and the deadrise sharp, and she is quite different from some of our R boats in this respect. Her dimensions are: l. o. a., 37′ 10″; w. l., 27′; beam, 7′; draft, 5′ 11″; displacement, 1,458 lbs.



Outboard profile of a handsome 36-ft. power cruiser, designed by R. E. Winslow

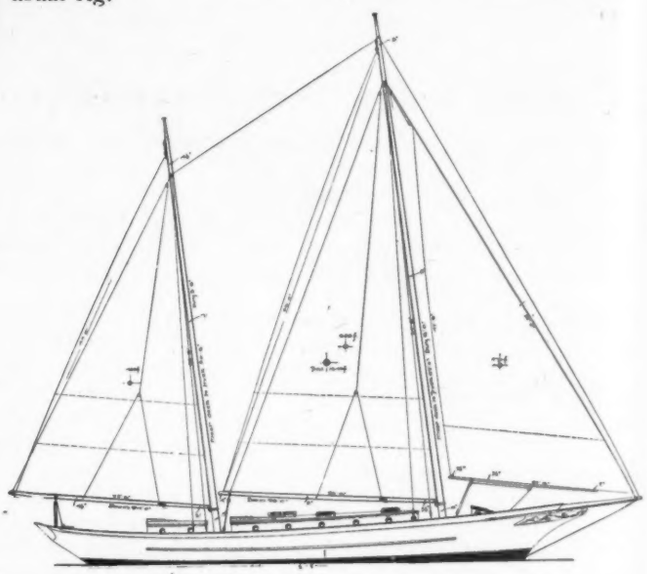
The new bugeye *Hassee* in one of the locks of the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal.

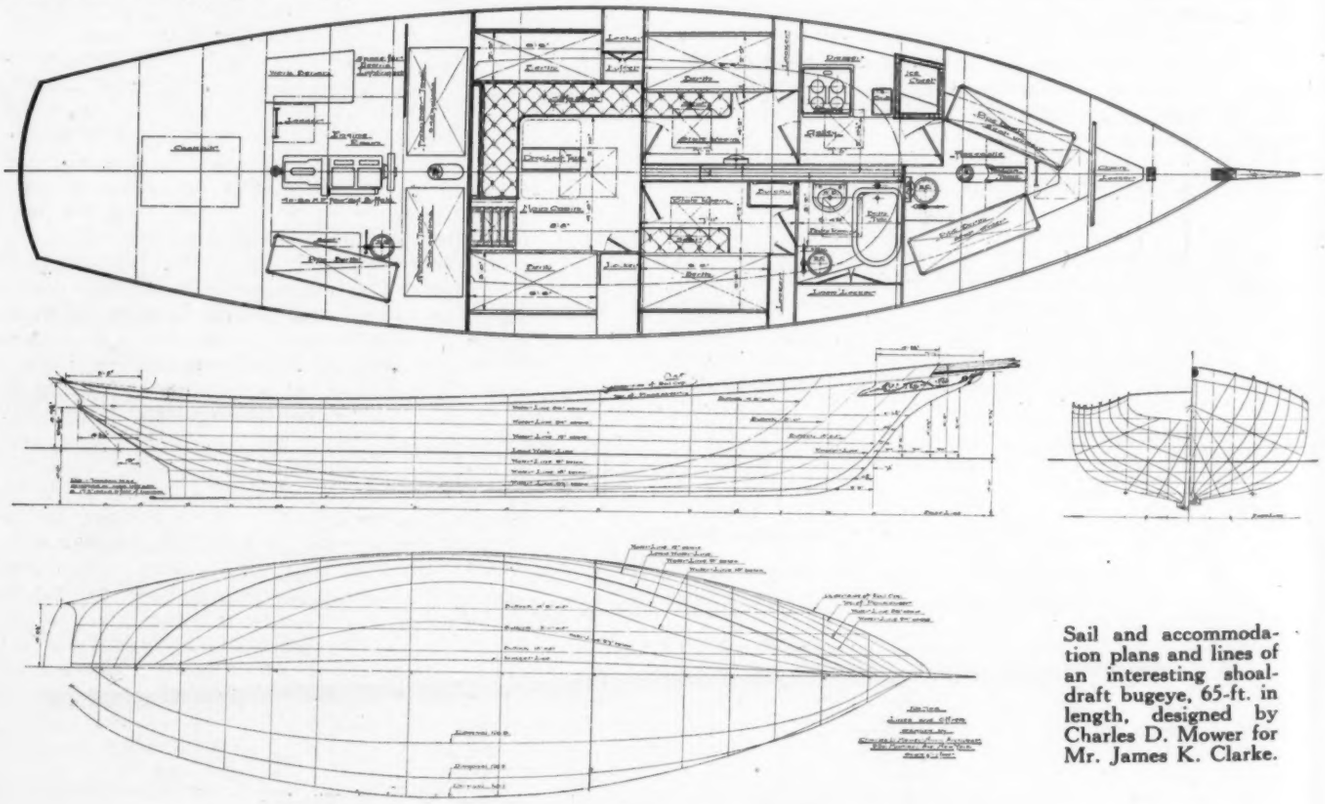
An Interesting Auxiliary with Bugeye Rig

Designed to be used in Florida, both in the inland waterways and outside for fishing, the auxiliary bugeye-ketch, *Hassee,* recently had her maiden trip from the yard of her builder, E. James Tull, of Pocomoke City, Md., to Essington, Pa. *Hassee* was designed by Charles D. Mower for James K. Clarke, of the New York Yacht Club, and is a heavily built, plainly finished, shoal bodied craft with a modified Chesapeake Bay bugeye rig and a 40-60 h.p. Buffalo motor to push her along at 8 miles per hour in calms and through the inland waterways.

Below decks we find a good forecastle with two pipe berths. Aft of this, on the port side, is a large, well-equipped galley, and opposite the galley a spacious toilet room with bath tub, toilet, basin, linen lockers, etc. Next aft are two single staterooms, one on each side of the centerboard trunk, with lockers, etc. Then comes the spacious main saloon containing two berths, sofa seat, lockers, buffet, etc. The main motor, auxiliary electric plant and large water and gasoline tanks are in a separate compartment abaft the mizzen mast and just forward of the cockpit.

Hassee is a fine-looking craft, with her clipper bow, transom stern and easy, sweeping sheer. She makes 8 miles under power, is easily driven under sail, and handles well in all kinds of going. Her dimensions are as follows: L. O. A., 65 ft.; L. W. L., 52 ft.; beam, 17 ft.; draft, 3 ft. 6 ins.; sail area, 1,643 sq. ft. She is what many of YACHTING's readers have been looking for—an able, shoal draft craft suitable for long cruises. On her maiden cruise she sailed through a 56-mile squall under reefed foresail and handled well. Burrows made the rather unusual rig.





Sail and accommodation plans and lines of an interesting shoal-draft bugeye, 65-ft. in length, designed by Charles D. Mower for Mr. James K. Clarke.

In the Lee of the Long Boat

WHISPERS reach me that some of the new boats turned out this year aren't all that they might be. First, I hear of a seagoing schooner that's badly by the head, and of another oceangoer that's awfully tender. Then at least one new 6-meter boat looks like a real bloomer, with two or three more having an awful time making any kind of a showing against the older boats. Are our leading designers having an off year?

* * * * * * *

Right after I got all het up and waxed enthusiastic over Weston Martyr's explanation of the superiority of the Marconi rig, along comes Jack Hanna and claims we're both all wrong. Worst of it is, Jack seems to have decidedly the best of the argument so far, so that unless Martyr or some other kind soul comes along and upsets Jack's dope, I'll have to admit that as a theorist I'd make a good hod carrier.

* * * * * * *

The clean-cut victory of *Malabar V*, John Alden's latest creation in the schooner line, in the recent New Bedford-Block Island race, seems to prove that John has done what a lot of the critics doubted his ability to do—improve on the remarkable *Malabar IV*. From what I hear, the new craft went out and carried her four lowers through a 40-mile nor'wester, finishing well ahead of boats 20 feet longer, time allowance being unnecessary. Attaboy, John! I expect to see you go right out and collect a few more scalps before the season is over.

* * * * * * *

Herb Marples says the New York Yacht Club did a pretty good job recently when they amended their rules, but thinks they missed a bet when they failed to rule that turning buovs should be painted with stripes like a barber pole, to suggest a close shave.

* * * * * * *

Did you see how the Marblehead crowd knocked the tar out of the Oyster Bay bunch in the team races in the "S" class boats? Remarkable enough; but even more surprising is the fact that Caleb Loring trimmed the peerless Charlie Adams in three straight races. Have they any more at home like Caleb?

* * * * * * *

By the time you read this blurb of mine you will be scanning the daily papers for the result of the Bermuda Race. Last month I made a couple of guesses as to the winners. The original dope still goes, with the addition of *Primrose IV* as an ebony-hued equine in Class B. She is the goods, all right, and if well handled and hard driven, has an excellent chance of scoring. Now look in the papers and see how far I have missed the mark!

Pretty good bunch of cartoons the Skipper has been running lately, if you ask me. Especially those illustrations of Darrell McClure's, a couple of which accompanied Lloyd Mayer's enjoyable yarn, "Storm." And Mayer certainly injects a humorous touch into his tales—a mark at which others aim, but few hit. He has given us two good ones recently, "Fog" and "Storm." Wonder if he can't con the *Pretty Pickle* through another adventure, called "Calm"?

* * * * * * *

Incidentally, I'm thinking of taking a whack at this fiction stuff myself, just for a change of diet. No, I never tried it before, but if McClure will donate a couple of his best efforts, who knows but what they will blind the Skipper into giving me a chance?

* * * * * * *

The 10% tax on new boats, commonly called the "Nuisance Tax," has finally been removed. It never should have been there at all. Builders and buyers both should, and probably will be, whooping with joy, and we'll probably be told by a flock of people that a great boom is about to take place in the boat-building industry. I hardly concur with this opinion. The big stumbling block was, and still is, the huge increase in the cost of building compared with pre-war figures, rather than the tax, which was merely the proverbial straw which fractured the camel's spine. Only when we get used to this increase, as we have gradually become accustomed to the increase in the cost of haircuts and hootch, will the hoped-for boom in boat-building arrive.

* * * * * * *

Two more long distance races have been added to the long list already scheduled for this year—one from New Haven to Atlantic City and the other from New York to Halifax. Holy Smoke, haven't we enough already on the coast, with the Bermuda Race, Brooklyn Challenge, Bayside Auxiliary, Block Island Race, Cornfield Race, etc.? While I'm rather indifferent to the Atlantic City affair, I really can't see the Halifax race. The leaders are apt to lose valuable time groping around in fog hunting for the finish, and may easily come to grief on the dangerous ledges outside of Halifax harbor if it's thick. Then there is the probability of a long, slow beat home against the prevailing southerlies. But the worst objection I have is the chance of some of the boats running amuck on Nantucket Shoals, or fetching up on Georges. These are real dangers, not theoretical, and it would not be at all surprising if some of the boats, driving hard and taking a racing chance, got into trouble. I sincerely hope they don't, both for their sake and the sake of the game.

Model Yachting Developments at the Capital

THE Washington Model Yacht Club already is patting itself on the back over the successful summer season it fondly hopes to enjoy this year. Model yachting has taken a serious hold on Washington, and the fleet grows daily.

The first thing on the coming program is completion of three classes designed for the club by Thomas Moore, naval architect of the Navy Department, and an ardent club member. The first two, approximately 51 and 40 inches overall, were drawn up to carry off honors in C and D classes. The third, 30 inches overall, was designed especially for the city's school boys, who have already gone at the business like experienced salts.

Several of the larger classes are now on the ways, being built both by the planked-up and the bread-and-butter methods. They are both Marconi rigged sloops of considerable draft and sail area, and it may be said right here that they were designed with an eye to taking the hides off model yachtsmen from Norfolk, who so handily licked the young club in a two-day regatta last year.

The club has accomplished several important things during the winter. First, it engaged the attention and interest of the Capital Yacht Club, whose members, known all up and down the east coast, have offered great encouragement in the club's aspirations to draw Washington lads back to the water.

Later, though the snow was falling and typical Washington weather prevailed, a meeting of the club drew almost all the teachers of manual training in the public schools, headed by the director of that school department.

Blue prints of the 30-inch sloop were placed in their hands and quite a number became so interested they declared they intended to build themselves, and already they have several school boys building to the plans. Most interesting in this program was the placing of a drawing in a high school print shop, where blue prints and tables of offsets were printed up for all the schools. It is the intention of the director of manual training to have model yacht construction become a regular part of the school shop course. In order to do this in shipshape fashion, he put the tables of offsets in the boys' hands and started them to drawing out their own lines and plans.

W. F. Germain, a club member, and editor of *Stars and Stripes,* has offered a trophy for the boys to race for this summer. A series of contests is to be held on the reflecting pool of the famous Lincoln Memorial, an ideal model pond, and the winner will be the boy making the highest percentage during the series. The club intends to further this aim by posting a suitable trophy for the best workmanship shown in a boy-made model.

New Deed of Gift for *Brooklyn Eagle* Cup

Last year the Model Yacht Racing Association of America held a series of races for the *Brooklyn Eagle* Perpetual Trophy for model yachts under new conditions, and the famous cup was won by the Prospect Park Model Yacht Club of Brooklyn, N. Y. Conditions under which the cup will be raced for provide for any organized yacht club in the United States or Canada entering with a team of three boats of the B, C, or D class under the Model Yacht Racing Association Rule and sailing a team race in three heats. The new deed of Gift, governing competition for the Cup, has just been completed and its chief points are given herewith.

(*Continued on page* 70)

Yachting Calendar, July.
***Cruising.* We have all been there.**

A New Type of Marine Flyer —Valsparred, of Course!

SEA Sleds—an innovation in speedy pleasure craft!

Planned and built by The Sea Sled Company, Ltd., of West Mystic, Conn., Sea Sleds embody every possible refinement that makes for swiftness, luxury and sea-worthiness. And as they are designed for discriminating owners, only the best materials and finishes go into them—which explains why Sea Sleds are protected with Valspar.

These master boat builders know from long experience that Valspar is the only varnish which will stand up under all kinds of weather—proof against oil, gasoline, the drive of salt water and the racking vibration of powerful engines.

Even after months of exposure on hull, cabin-hatch or deck-house, Valspar retains its original smoothness and lustre. It never turns white.

Valspar is made only by Valentine & Company. For all marine uses—on all types and sizes of craft—Valspar is everywhere recognized as the finest varnish obtainable.

This coupon is worth 20 cents to $1.60

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

VALENTINE & COMPANY *Yach.- 7-24*
460 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps, amounting to 20c for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample of each product supplied at this special price. Write plainly.)

Valspar Instruction Booklet with Color Charts, 15c extra.

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Valspar Bronze Bottom Paint	☐
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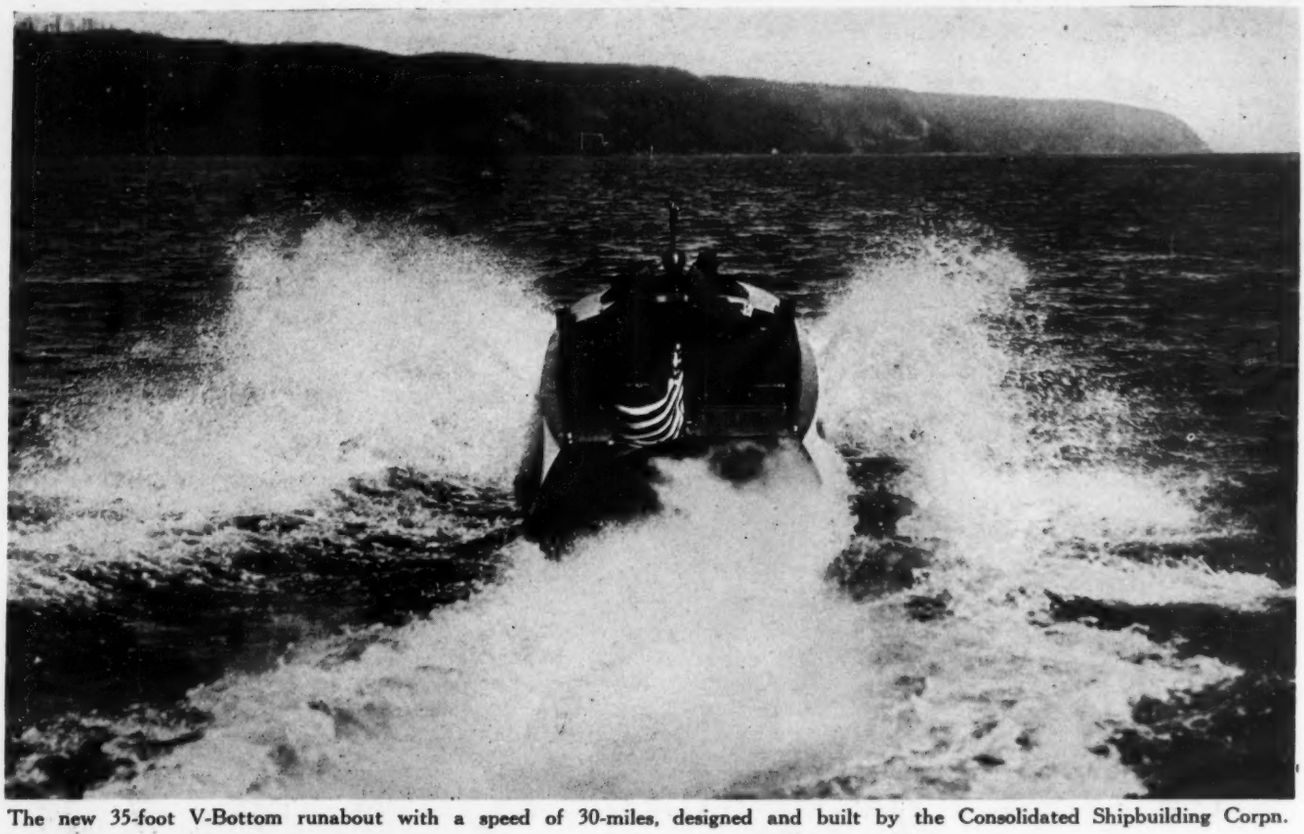
Valspar Booklet	☐



The new 35-foot V-Bottom runabout with a speed of 30-miles, designed and built by the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corpn.

Of Interest to the Skipper

The New Consolidated Runabout

Those who visited the New York Motor Boat Show last January will remember the 35-ft. V-bottom runabout exhibited by the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corp., a photograph of which we show herewith. This is a standardized design, powered with a 180 h.p. Speedway motor which should give a speed of 30 miles an hour. This craft is a big, roomy runabout with safe, moderate speed, an excellent type for use on the Lakes or the Sound.

Yacht Accessories at C. C. Galbraith & Son

Having been in the steamship supply business for many years, C. C. Galbraith & Son have noticed the big revival of interest in yachting and motor boat supplies, and have now opened a department for accessories for yachts of all types and sizes. They are also handling outboard motors, canoes, oars, paddles, and are otherwise completely equipped to meet the demands of the yachting enthusiast. At the present time they have as a special offering a quantity of landing and diving floats purchased from the Government, which are offered at very attractive prices. Yacht clubs, summer camps, etc., should be especially interested in these floats.

The Floating Yacht Broker

A surprise was sprung recently in yacht brokerage circles when Paul M. Runyon, a newcomer in the game, from New Bedford, announced to the yachting world that he would open a branch office aboard one of the Casey stock 26-ft. sloops, and that he would cruise from place to place, calling at various ports to take interested parties out for trial spins in the trim little cruiser.

Runyon has already put his plan into effect, having cruised from New Bedford to City Island in *Where Away*, and is now knocking around various harbors at the western end of the Sound. When at anchor he displays a large canvas sign—"The Floating Yacht Broker—The Casey 26-ft. Sloop." He is ready to list boats for sale or dole out particulars of attractive craft to prospective buyers. Anyone interested in the Casey sloop, or wanting to buy or sell any kind of craft, is assured of a hearty welcome by the smiling Paul aboard *Where Away*.

Paul M. Runyon, the "floating yacht broker" on his Casey 26-foot sloop.

A Real Salt Water Soap

Owners of cruising craft will be glad to learn that at last they can get a soap which works as well in salt water as the average soap does in fresh. The new product, called Sopura, is manufactured by the Sopura Mfg. Co., New Rochelle, N. Y. It works equally well in salt or fresh water, and can be used for removing dirt, grease and stains from the hands, for washing dishes, woodwork, paintwork, etc.—in fact, anywhere that ordinary soap and fresh water is used. Being chemically pure, it will clean anything without injury which fresh water alone will not harm. The fresh water supply of any boat will last much longer if a few cakes of Sopura are kept handy for all washing purposes.

The 5 Big Reasons WHY You, too, will want an Elto

Ole Evinrude's 3H.P. *Fast* LIGHT TWIN

Instant Easy Starting

The Elto "starts with a touch." Just get into your boat and go—as easy as stepping on the self-starter of your auto. No other Motor starts so easily, because no other has Atwater-Kent Uni-Sparker Ignition and Columbia Hot-Shot Waterproof Batteries. No hard, stubborn starting. No cranking. No spinning. No awkward rope pulling.

Safe Rudder Steering

You drive from any part of the boat. You have both hands free to cast or troll. You have no fear of a sudden reversal of the Motor, endangering the boat passengers. Women and children are always safe with Elto. You never lose control of the boat, even in rough seas. The broad fin-shape rudder turns boat quickly, or holds the course straight as an arrow. Gives you perfect landing control after Motor is shut off. Motor self-tilts when passing over submerged logs or obstacles.

50% More Power

Every time you use your Elto, this great advantage grows. You see Motors of less power struggling under the load.

You see their owners crowding, coaxing, squeezing for more power—while you turn loose your Elto's full 3 H. P. and enjoy its easy purr—its absolute mastery of both load and sea.

Much More Speed

When you are impatient to get out where the fish bite best, or when you have overstayed your time on the lake, you want *speed*—all you can get. That's when you are thankful you chose an Elto.

No other Outboard Motor will move your boat across the water so swiftly. No other can keep the pace you set. If a challenge comes to your racing blood, meet it with confidence. Your Elto will not disappoint you.

The Propello Pump

Here is the crowning achievement of Ole Evinrude—founder of the industry. In the 1924 model, he has removed the last annoyance in Outboard Motor use. Pump troubles are ended. His Propello Pump (found only in Elto) utilizes propeller pressure to keep the water circulating. There is not one single moving part. No valves to stick. No parts to wear. No pump to clog. No danger of overheating Motor, even in muddy, sandy or salt waters.

Do not confuse the Easy-Starting Light Weight Elto Twin with any other Outboard Motor, as for 10 years, Ole Evinrude, founder of the industry, has had no connection with any other Outboard Motor Company. The Elto is built in his own factory, under his personal direction.

(13)

These are the reasons why you, too, will want an Elto. A demonstration and comparison in actual water use will quickly convince you. *Write for Free Catalog*

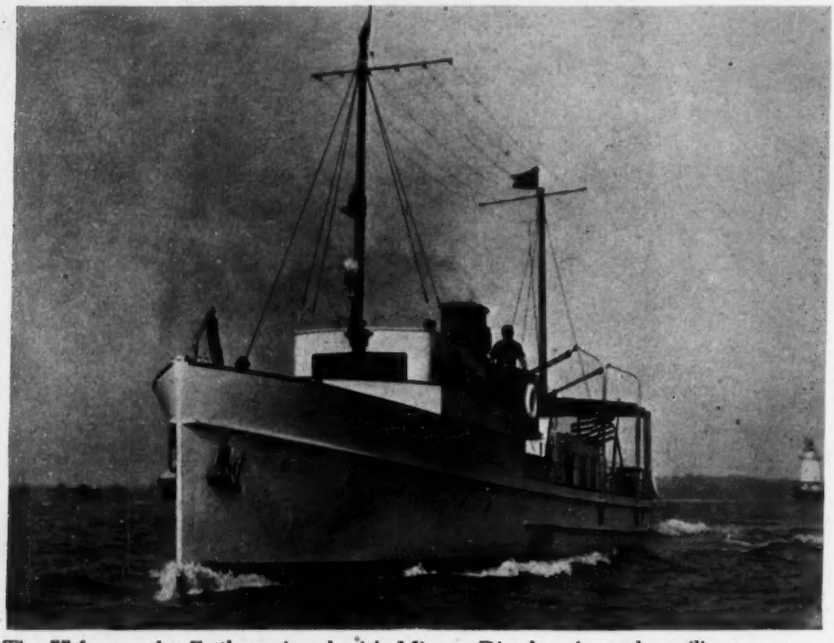
ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO., OLE EVINRUDE, :: *President* ::

Dept. 2, Manufacturers' Home Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO., Dept. 2, Manufacturers' Home Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.
Gentlemen: Send me complete catalog describing the 1924 Elto Outboard Motor.

Name.....

Address.....

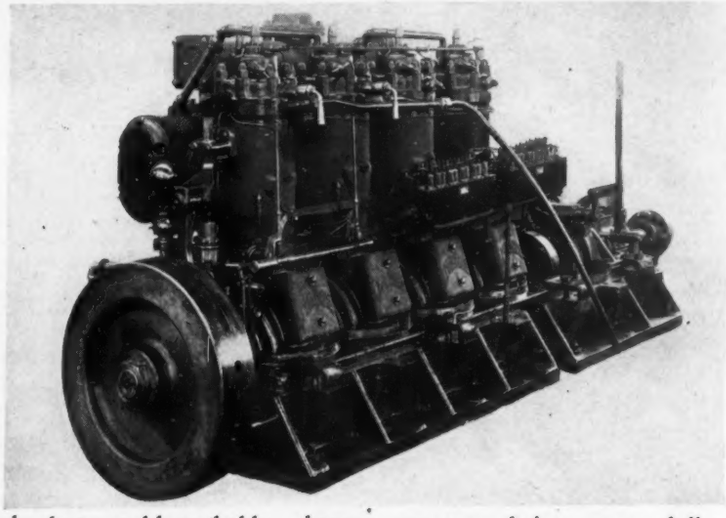


The 77-foot yacht *Faith*, equipped with Mianus Diesel main and auxiliary motors.

Mianus Improved Diesels Are Increasing in Popularity

The Diesel-type marine motor, practically unknown in the yachting world a few years ago, is now gaining great favor among yachtsmen, as is proven by the great number of installations in some of the finest yachts in the country. One of the foremost manufacturers in this country is the Mianus Motor Co., of Stamford, Conn., who have steadily developed their product until to-day it is close to perfection.

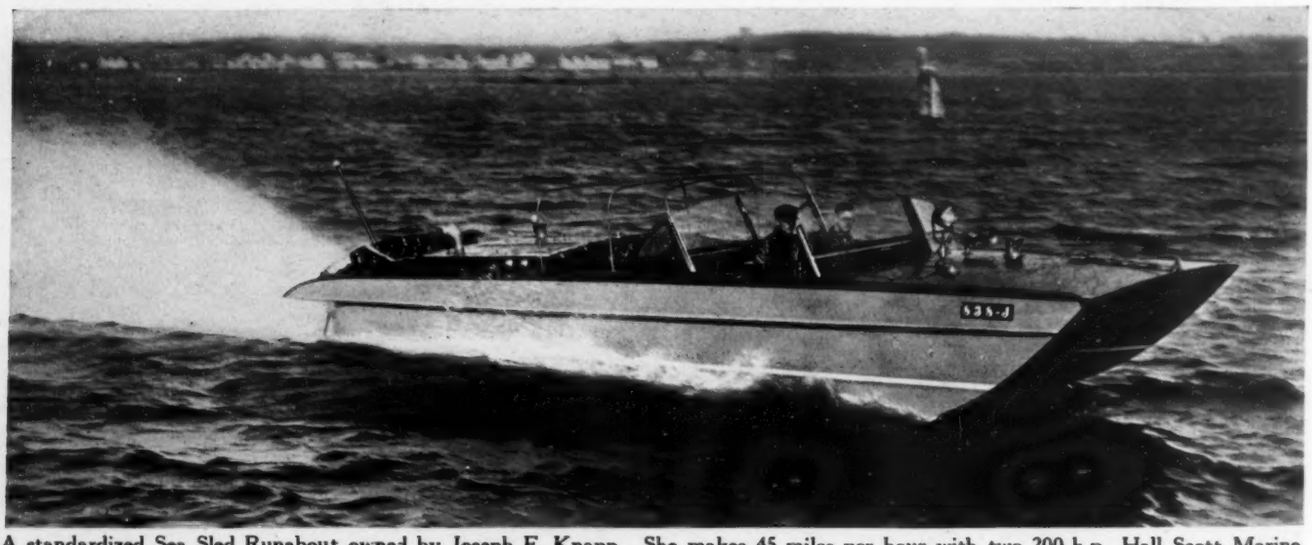
Not only do the Mianus people turn out the main propelling machinery, but the auxiliary machinery as well. The generator sets came in one, two and three cylinder units, from the 7½ h.p., 4½ K.W. up to the 35 h.p., 23 K.W. size. Larger sets could be made, but would probably be too large for marine work.



The four-cylinder Mianus Diesel motor, for yacht or commercial use.

The economy of the Mianus Improved Diesel is truly remarkable. A fuel consumption of not more than a half pint per horse power hour is guaranteed, about half the quantity required in a gasoline motor. With fuel oil costing about one-fourth as much as gasoline, and with about half as much used, one dollar's worth of fuel oil will thus do the work of eight dollars' worth of gasoline. Besides this remarkable economy, the Mianus Diesels are wonderfully easy to control, are almost free from vibration, are altogether free from carbon trouble, and in many other ways are far superior to the gasoline motor for heavy duty work.

Mr. Irving Raymond's handsome cruiser *Faith* is an all-Diesel powered craft, both main and auxiliary motors having been made by the Mianus people. Among yachts having Mianus Diesel generating plants are *Semiramis, Cynthia* and *Nourmahal.* Numerous tugs, ferryboats and steel barges are now being successfully operated with Mianus installations.



A standardized Sea Sled Runabout owned by Joseph F. Knapp. She makes 45 miles per hour with two 200 h.p. Hall Scott Marine Engines (see page 62).

Free sample on request write — Ridgways Inc. 60 Warren St. New York

Ridgways Genuine 100% Orange Pekoe Tea

Special Trial TIN 15¢

FOR fragrance, like the scent of far off Oriental gardens; for zest, constant and alive, like the flash from a great jewel; for contentment—an influence of calm like the quiet of a mirrored lake—drink a cup of really choice tea

"THE FINEST TEA
THE WORLD PRODUCES"

Highest Honors: Gold Medal, San Francisco, 1915; Grand Prize, San Diego, 1916

Four out of Five are Victims
Will Pyorrhea claim you, too?
Make Forhan's your aid
Pyorrhea plays no favorites. Silk stocking crowds or cotton—they all look alike to this sinister disease. Records prove that it has marked for its own four out of every five over forty years of age, and thousands younger.
Heed Nature's warning—tender, bleeding gums—before it's too late. Better still, check Pyorrhea before it starts by going to your dentist regularly—and brushing your teeth twice a day with Forhan's For the Gums.
Forhan's For the Gums is a safe, efficient, refreshing dentifrice from the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. If used in time and used consistently, it will help prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It safeguards your health, preserves your teeth and keeps your mouth clean, fresh and wholesome. Used and recommended by leading dentists everywhere.
There is only one tooth paste of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists—35c and 60c in tubes.
Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea
Formula of R.J. Forhan D.D.S.
Forhan Company
New York

A Sea Sled for Ferry Service

A New York yachtsman has recently purchased a Sea Sled for use as a fast ferry between New York and a port on Long Island. Powered with two 200 h.p. Hall-Scott motors, she makes a good 35-mile speed. With her two forward cockpits she is one of the roomiest and fastest large ferries on the Sound. A duplicate boat has just been completed for Mr. Childs Frick, of Pittsburgh.

Just as One Sailor to Another

(*Continued from page* 31)

Next day push up the Sound, holding to the north side. It is not necessary to keep a man up aloft, as the water is good, but it will not do any harm. Pick up the small river mouth and run up a couple of miles farther to Peggie's Cove. The water is good, so you need have no fear of running aground. Just before you round into Peggie's Cove to starboard, you will see a log cabin with a small pier in front. If you are interested in canoeing, you can start on a 300-mile paddle here. Just take a short portage up the hill and presently you will run into a string of lakes and rivers that will swing you back of MacGregor Bay, White Fish Bay and Mt. McBean. It is wild country in every sense of the word.

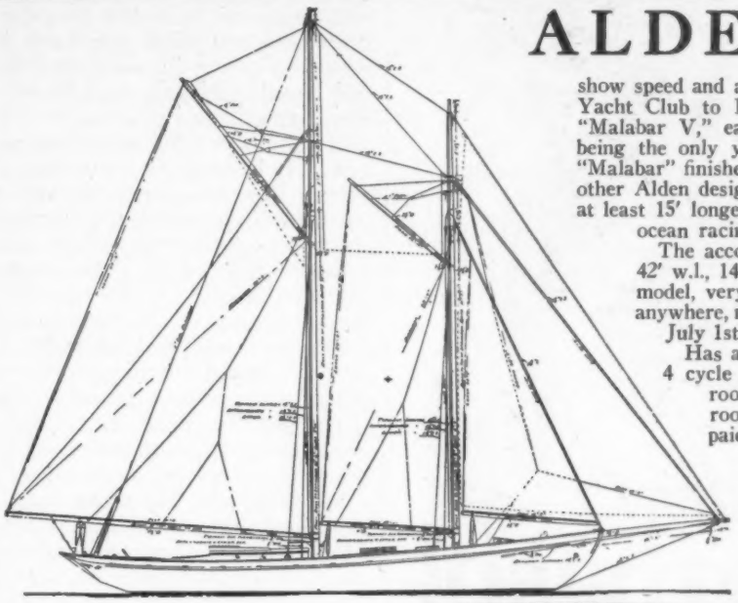
Steamboat back down the channel until you are out of Bay Finn. Then hold due west until opposite the opening in MacGregor Bay, where you will see three islands placed across its mouth. Round the point, keeping the high cliffs to starboard, skirt the shores of this bay, going east, and you will find yourself in one of the most extraordinary and unusual spots in the Great Lakes. There are over 3,000 islands in this little Bay of MacGregor; there are high perpendicular cliffs; there are narrow cuts in the rocks where you have to pole on the sides to get the dinghy through; there are many blind alleys and the water is very deep and just full of fish. Practically all of these islands are heavily wooded with virgin pine and the wild life in here ranges from the wood pussies up to deer and moose.

Keep east, skirting along the shore of this high ridge until you have worked into the "Portage." This is the only place where you can go through the high hills with the dinghy to Bay Finn. There are two small streams with a little lake in the middle connecting these two big bays, which is exceedingly picturesque. It is called Snake Alley, as you will find the water filled with pickerel.

The next day continue east, with a man still up aloft and the motor

(*Continued on page* 64)

ALDEN YACHTS



show speed and ability. In the ocean race from the New Bedford Yacht Club to Block Island, on May 30, the 49′ o.a. schooner, "Malabar V," easily led the other schooners in a 35-mile blow, being the only yacht to carry her foresail throughout the race. "Malabar" finished some 3 miles ahead of the second schooner, another Alden designed craft, and defeated two new schooners, both at least 15′ longer o.a.,—one of which was designed especially for ocean racing—by at least 5 miles.

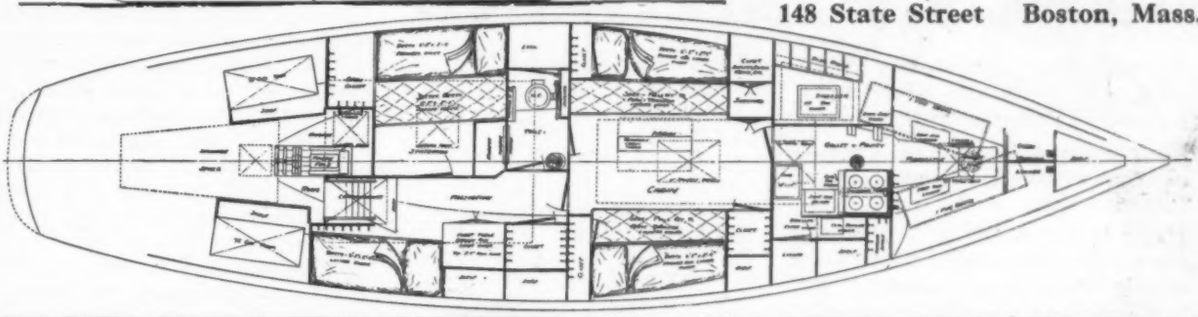
The accompanying drawings show a schooner 55′ 6″ o.a., 42′ w.l., 14′ 2″ beam, and 7′ 6″ draft, of the semi-fisherman model, very heavily and strongly built and capable of going anywhere, now under construction in Maine for delivery about July 1st.

Has a separate engine room with 16-20 h.p., 2 cylinder 4 cycle motor, independent lighting plant, double stateroom, passageway stateroom, large main cabin, roomy galley with accommodations forward for two paid hands.

About the only chance left to obtain Spring delivery, with the exception of an Alden 42′ o.a. schooner also under construction.

If you are interested, further particulars can be obtained from

JOHN G. ALDEN
148 State Street Boston, Mass.



The Lake Shore Drive Hotel

Chicago

During your next visit to Chicago, you will appreciate a hotel home amid the best surroundings, with a view of the lake, within five minutes of the theater and shopping district, yet surrounded by the restful quiet of a noiseless neighborhood.

Here is one of America's finest hotels. Single or double rooms—and beautifully furnished apartments.

The rates are moderate—the cuisine unexcelled. Write for illustrated booklet. Your reservation will receive prompt attention.

181 LAKE SHORE DRIVE

East of the Drake **CHICAGO** **Facing the lake**

WM. A. BUESCHER, *Manager, formerly of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York*

Order!
Speedy Shaves
Clean, Cool Close shaves
Down with H (and) C (attting) L (athers)
no brush no lather no rub-in
For President James J. Barbasol
Bonus A.E.F.
Keep the Oil in the skin
Backed by 1,000,000 men

For President
James J. Barbasol

America has a champion of the speedy, smooth, satisfying shave —James J. Barbasol for President.

He is the man's candidate, a tamer of wiry whiskers but soothing to sensitive skin.

Here is his political platform, founded on principles close to the edge of every man's razor:

- Speedy shaves speedily arrived at.
- No entangling alliances with shaving soap and shaving brushes.
- Absolute prohibition of the time-wasting lather rub-in.
- Down with H. C. L.—hard cutting lather.
- Keep the oil where it belongs—in the skin.
- Bonuses—in shaving time—for the A. E. F.
- Freedom of the C's, as interpreted by Clean, Close, Cool, Comforting Shaves.

Sign the "Barbasol for President" petition at your druggist's today. Slip him 35 or 65 cents gladly for the privilege of endorsing this candidate. Share with thousands his relief from shaving troubles and shaving irritations.

James J. Barbasol for President!

Yes, Barbasol has a running mate —Barbasol After-Shaving Powder, healing, antiseptic, unaffected by perspiration; the kind that won't rub off.

no brush
no lather
no rub-in

Vote the Straight Barbasol Ticket

⊗

Put an X Here

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....

Send this coupon and 10c to The Barbasol Company, Dept. 20, Indianapolis, for a generous trial tube.

going. Keep to the south channel and wander in and out among the islands. If you think you have done some navigating in working through this South Channel, remember that Roy Barcal *sailed* the class P *Olympian* down this very course and never touched bottom or scratched her sides. This was a real work of art. Then push on two islands farther to the northeast to Truant Cove, a little niche in the rocks on the southeast side of the island. The cove is just big enough to string your boat across with the nose overhanging one rock and the fantail overhanging another. There is perfect protection here. Then put the small boat over and work along the south shore and smell the damp, cool air as it rushes out from under the big brake ferns and from over the damp mosses that lie at the foot of these tremendous big pines; it will add years to your life.

On the way back around the east end of the island, head due west until well out in open water and then lay a course for Green Island, keeping it to port. Now go northeast as far as you can. Then put her hard over to starboard and run 200 yards farther and on your port bow you will find an opening that will take you into the "Post Office." There is good water all the way, barring one rock or wash just as you turn to starboard. The Post Office is a rock 60 feet high and on it are painted the names of every boat, the date, and sometimes the names of the crew, that have come into these waters for the last twenty years. You will find more old friends up here than you left at home, and you will also see a complete list of every prominent Chicago Yacht Club boat that has sailed on Lake Michigan for a decade.

You can anchor in this bay and put your canoes or dinghy overboard and work around among the islands; only do not get lost, as they all look alike and there are very close to 3,000 of them. Up in the northeast end of the bay as you work your way up to the Pot Holes, are a few cottages; they really have no business being there, but they do not spoil the place very much, for the nights are still quiet, the water is clear and cold, the air is crisp, and the fish bite. What more could one ask?

But the time is passing rapidly up in this delightful cruising ground, and the chances are you have stayed up too long, so to make up for lost time you may have to make a couple of long jumps, which will mean day, and maybe night sailing. Leave in the afternoon and make Little Currant that night, so as to get under way early the next morning. In or-

der to save time, take the South or Clapperton Channel. You will have to make this in daylight, as the marks have lost their color, and it is hard to tell whether to keep them to starboard or port, so go easy, for a mistake would put you on hard. Very few boats work through this channel, but it saves good distance and time. Run down the island to Bay Field Sound and spend a short time exploring this bay and Lake Wolsey.

Working west, Vidal Bay and Meldrow Bay are good to lie in over night, but they are not very attractive. The most important point to make, however, is Pilot Cove. This is around the point on the east end of Drummond Island. I dare anyone to see the opening before he is 50 yards from it. The best way is to send a man aloft, and as you work down the shore he can look over the gravel spit and will see the cove behind. The entrance is at the southeast end. There is ten feet of water in the narrow channel, which is only twenty feet wide. Inside you have a harbor about the size of Evanston Harbor and absolutely landlocked. A more ideal spot for a tired sailor was never made. One can lie there and hear the sea pound outside, yet be safe from any possible trouble.

If time is short, work out through the False De Trout passage and lay a course for the Martin's Lightship, and thence to Mackinac Island. It is a good day's run, so start early. This then brings to an end the main part of the cruise. The crew can now take the night train back to Chicago, having seen the best that nature can show, and better in soul and body for this wonderful life in the open.

Crew No. 3 picks up the boat at the island and takes her back, or you can come up a few weeks later and finish the run up Lake Michigan yourself.

A Novel of the New England Coast

It seems strange that, with our love of the sea, more novels are not written with a background of the sea or boats. One of the few writers who has seen the possibilities of this is Mrs. Elizabeth Stancy Payne, and in her latest novel, "Lights Along the Ledges" (The Penn Publishing Company), Mrs. Payne has written a story which takes the reader on a cruise along the New England coast from Marblehead to Monhegan. It makes everyone who reads it desire to purchase at once a yacht and cruise the same waters as those covered by the *Gleam*. Through it all runs a delightful thread of romance and love, and anyone liking a novel with the atmosphere of the sea in every page will appreciate "Lights Along the Ledges."

It boils cold
over thirsty throats

Cool as ice with the tang of ginger, Clicquot Club Ginger Ale swirls over thirsty throats in hundreds of cool little splashes that say sparkle and freshness and ginger tang all at once.

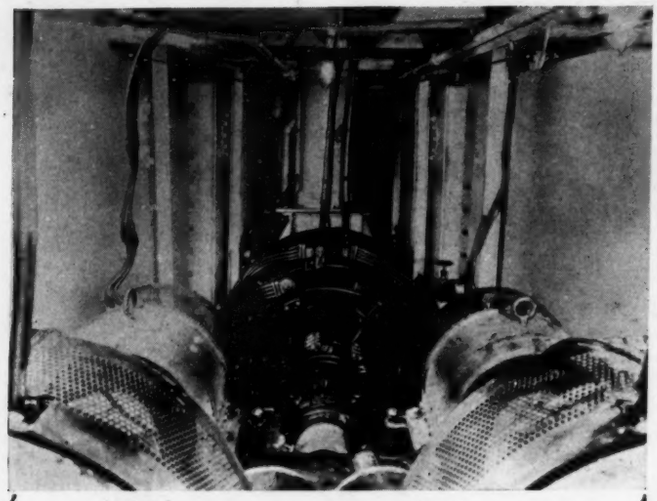
Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is made of pure Jamaica ginger, pure lemon and lime flavorings, and the famous Clicquot spring water carbonated just right! Here is ginger ale! Here is the full, rich, golden color with its shimmer and sparkle; here is the full bouquet, the rounded, balanced flavor of real ginger ale—every drop of it refreshing, every mouthful satisfying. *They all like it.* They judge ginger ale by Clicquot. They like ginger ale because they like Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY
MILLIS, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.

Order by the case from your grocer, druggist, or confectioner.

Clicquot
PRONOUNCED KLEE-KO
Club
Ginger Ale

Clicquot Club
SARSAPARILLA
What a sweet, rich goodness! Cream it up like coffee. That's called Black Cow.



The Storm-Trial!

WITHOUT a sea trial and with only her regular crew in charge of the new Diesel Electric drive, the "Cutty Sark" left New York Harbor on March 30th for a cruise to Southern ports.

Two days later she was in the midst of an equinoctial storm that split her sails and put her rigging out of commission.

The new Diesel Electric drive, which had to be depended upon to drive the "Cutty Sark" through the high seas that claimed a steamer nearby, instantly and at all times responded to the will of her owner and master.

The Diesel Electric drive and direct pilot house control, which were credited with saving the "Cutty Sark," also increased her speed, cruising radius, lowered fuel costs, equalized weights and made possible better quarters for the crew.

Westinghouse supplied the pilot house control and electric propelling machinery for the following Diesel Electric Auxiliary Schooner Yachts:

	Length Overall	Beam	Draft
VELERO II	125′ 6″	20′	7′
CUTTY SARK	147′ 7″	26′	15′ 3″
ELFAY	162′	30′	18′
ALCYONE	182′	30′	15′
GUINEVERE	195′	32′ 6″	16′ 6″

(Full information will be given upon request)

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company
East Pittsburgh Pennsylvania
Sales Offices in All Principal American Cities
Service Stations in Principal American Ports
Special Pacific Coast Representatives
Hunt, Mirk & Company, San Francisco

Westinghouse

W

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Reviving the Open Classes

(*Continued from page* 36)

only "junk" second-hand value, or that only last for a couple of seasons as a racing proposition.

If anyone can deny that boats built in the last 15 years under the Universal Rule, as it now stands, are not as good a cruising type as were ever built, I, for one, would like to know in what way they could be improved upon. And, as has been shown in the foregoing, they have considerably better than "junk" second-hand value and their racing careers most decidedly are longer than two years—yes, several times two years. The principal reason that they are not now in the hands of the "ultimate logical cruising man," is that they still have a chance of racing, with a fair degree of success, in the open classes now existing—in other parts of the country if not in New York waters.

Here is what has actually happened, during the last year at least. Of the several "Q" boats that it was proposed to build, after the meeting referred to previously and called for this purpose, not a single one has materialized and yet several new six-meter boats were built this year. Those yachtsmen, interested in racing and having sufficient means to build new boats, have had their attention diverted to a foreign rule boat and instead of building to and promoting our own classes, have built six-meters.

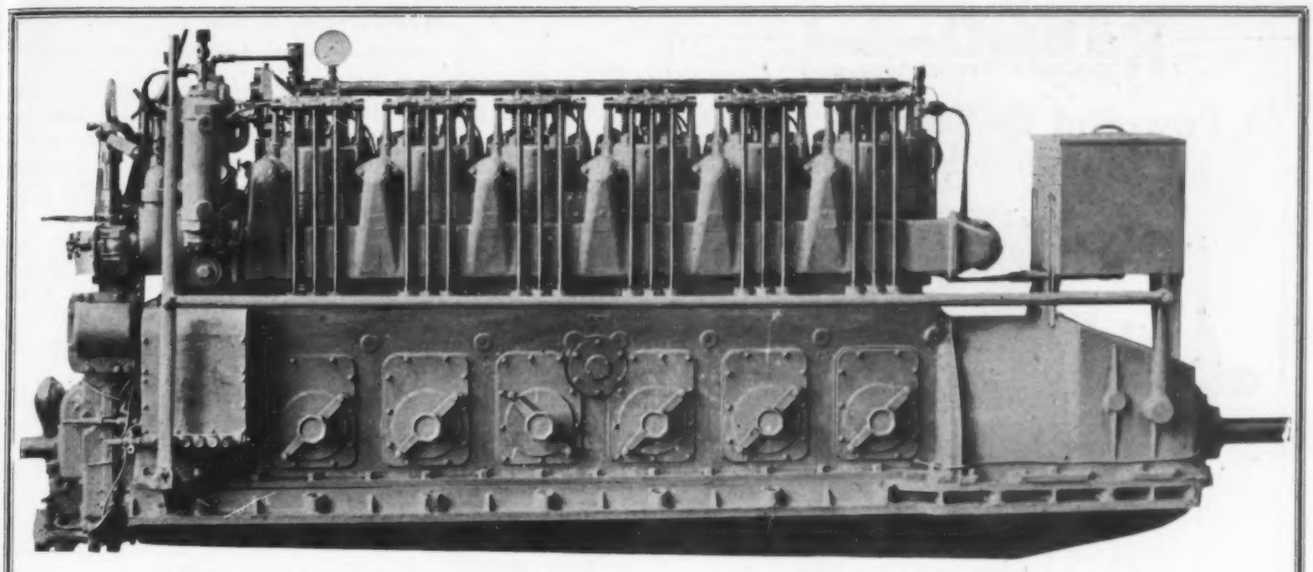
With eight new six-meter boats built this year costing, with the season's expenses—new sails, etc., fully as much as a Universal Rule class "R" boat of, say 24 feet waterline length, and having a permanent cabin and a fair amount of space for cruising accommodations, will anyone have the hardihood to say that a six-meter boat, particularly one that does not make the team, will have anywhere near the second-hand value of an "R" boat, or that there is any comparison between them as a cruising boat or that the former will, by any stretch of the imagination, ever fall into the hands of the "ultimate logical cruising man"? And this in spite of the fact that, as regards draft, the six-meters would more nearly fit Mr. Maxwell's change than our own boats. The six-meters, as handy a little boat as they have proven to be, still lack the stability that the average yachtsman on Long Island Sound wants.

Boats built under the Universal Rule are full bodied, moderate ended, able craft, superior to those developed under any other rule. They go out and race under all conditions in which a boat of their size could be expected to exist, never reefing, but yet we have witnessed the six-meters reefed in an eighteen-mile breeze.

A few years ago Herreshoff built a class of "S" boats for the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club that are about the size of the six-meters and are certainly as wholesome as anyone could ask for. They have a small cabin and will undoubtedly have a long and useful career. Of course, being a one design class their cost was low compared to singly built boats, but even at that they could be duplicated today for about two-thirds of what a "six" costs.

Changing the rule is most decidedly not the answer—it lies more in the direction of arousing general interest in our own class boats and bending every effort towards promoting them, if anything is to be accomplished in reviving open class racing on Long Island Sound.

However, there is a chance that the British will clean up this year with the six-meters. Let us hope that this will be the case, and that the local yachtsmen will stop spending their good money in building expensive, useless boats, to a foreign rule that in no way is of benefit to us, and will devote their future efforts to promoting the healthy type of yachts under our own rule, thereby creating a fleet that *will* be of lasting benefit to the yachting fraternity of this country.



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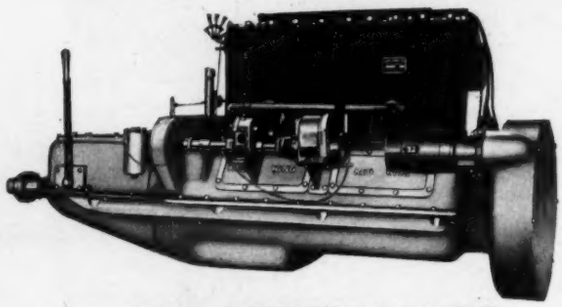

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16-Foot Red Wing Sloop

Yachts from 16 to 160 Feet in Length

LUDERS MARINE CONSTRUCTION CO.
STAMFORD, CONN.

The Fortunes of War

(*Continued from page* 25)

Among other things he said it was thoughtful and friendly of Swaine to have got that nice cargo of shell for him, but he'd like him to finish the job, so to-morrow Swaine would oblige by discharging the schooner and spreading the shell on the beach to rot out nicely. And after they'd done that he'd see what he'd do with them.

It took nearly all the Germans in Yap to get Swaine aboard the *Tora* again, and they were glad to leave him there. They made it plain that if anyone fancied a swim, he'd get shot—if the sharks didn't get him. When they left, they said they'd be back bright and early next morning to see the discharging begin.

That night they had a regular council of war aboard the schooner, but it wasn't much use, for the only thing they could think to do was to set her afire, and that wouldn't do any good. In the end Swaine got them to see that the only thing to do was to wait for something to turn up. He told them to keep an eye on him all the time when they got ashore in the morning, and to follow any lead he gave.

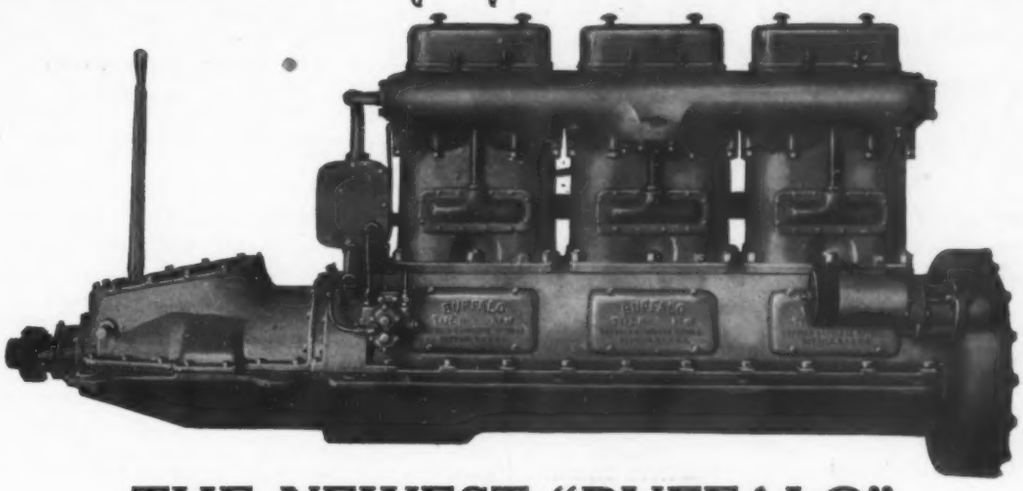
Now, all the year round, down there in Yap, the northeast trade wind blows, steady and true, and you seldom see it change. But, now and again, in the fall of the year, a typhoon comes along, and when one does, the wind backs to the north, in sudden, wicked squalls, and blows like a dozen gales rolled into one. As luck would have it a typhoon was working up on Yap that very night, and the first squall hit the *Tora* just after daybreak. It heeled her over in one vicious jerk and, holding her down, shook her savagely. Then it settled down to blow as only a typhoon can. Presently the *Tora* took a broad sheer and immediately started to drag her anchor. Before the crew could get forward to give her more chain she brought up on it, with a grinding crash in the hawse-pipe and saved them the trouble by parting it. Her head payed off and before they knew what had happened she was driving hard before the wind, straight down the harbor, and going like smoke in spite of her bare poles.

Webb and the rest started to clear away the other anchor as the only thing to save her, for she was running straight ashore, but before they could let it go, Swaine startled them with a roar like a bull, shouting to leave it alone and to stand by for orders. They turned and saw him aft at the wheel, braced there and steering carefully, with the flaming eyes of him glaring at something ahead. And when they looked to see what it was they saw the shore close to, with the schooner's bowsprit pointing straight at a house built right on the water's edge. And in a jiffy they recognized that house. It was the Governor's.

Then another tearing squall drove up astern, and as the *Tora* flew before it, Swaine laughed and danced at the wheel. "He wanted this shell damned bad," he roared, "so, by God, he shall have it." And the schooner lifted on top of a breaking wave and just threw herself at the house. Her bowsprit speared in through the roof as her stem crashed into the wall, and she struck with a fearful jar that burst her wide open. She snapped off her masts like carrots and jerked them into the house, and she shook out her cargo through her broken deck and sides, and flung it over the mess. . . .

The Governor left there in a hurry, and, as you might say, under a cloud. He knew all about typhoons and earthquakes and such, and he was scared of them, but this thing that had suddenly burst on him wasn't natural. He only knew that the end of the world had arrived, and that the bowels of the earth had opened and breathed awfulness on him. So he ran. He dared not breathe, for there was no air—just solid smell. But he ran. And as he ran he saw that men dashed past him. They were big and brown and wet, and he couldn't believe his ears when he heard that they were laughing.

"The Engine of Constant Source"



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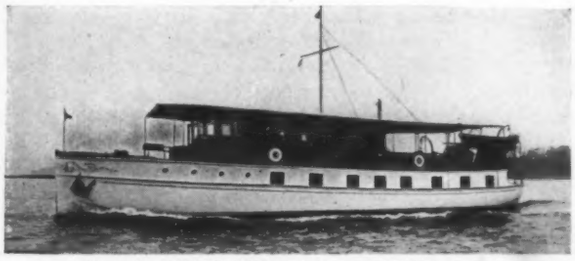

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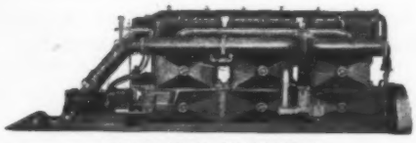

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MODEL TRAWLER, TUGBOAT, etc., 4 ft. overall. Set of parts and plans similar to above. Price **32/6,** carriage free on board.

12-METRE MODEL. L.O.A., 63 in.; L.W.L., 41 in.; Beam, 12.5 in.; Draught, 8.15 in. Set of parts to construct this Model, with all brass screws, copper pins, and set of construction and sail plans. All parts cut from best selected mahogany. Price **47/6** net, carriage free on board.

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Model Yacht Designers

195 High Street, AYR, Scotland

Please enclose stamped envelope for replies

New Conditions for *Brooklyn Eagle* Cup

(*Continued from page* 56)

It is expected that many clubs will race for the trophy this year. The new Boston Y. C. will probably send down a team, and it is hoped that the Washington Model Y. C. and the Detroit Model Y. C. will also send a three-boat team. Norfolk, Va., may also be represented. The races this year will be sailed in September. Here are the terms of the contest:

TROPHY

The Trophy herein designated is hereby donated by the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, and shall always be known as "The *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* Perpetual Trophy for Model Yachts."

DATES, MEASUREMENTS AND SAILING RULES

This Trophy is open to all duly organized and recognized Model Yacht Clubs in the United States of America, Canada, and Newfoundland, of known good standing and responsibility, and composed of members of lawful age, having a regular place of stated meetings, a headquarters, a sailing station, and a boat house, and is to be sailed for, once each year, in open waters, unaffected by trees, headlands, buildings, docks or other obstructions, and at such place where a triangular course can be laid out, each leg of which shall be equal in length and depth of water enough for B Class Boats, on the second Sunday after Labor Day, and if stormy, the next clear Sunday thereafter.

There shall be a series of Inter-Club Races to be known as the "Eag'e Cup Races" and shall be open to Three Entries from any yacht club, as hereinafter provided.

Each Club may enter not more than three boats, which boats shall be rated in either the "B," "C" or "D" Classes under the M. Y. R. A. A. Measurement Rules. Clubs are permitted to enter all of one class or a combination of the three classes.

There shall be three races held on the date specified, each race not to exceed the total distance of one mile.

The Club scoring the greatest number of points for the three races shall be declared the winner.

These races shall be under the auspices and supervision of the Model Yacht Racing Association of America, and all details, such as the laying out of courses, judging, timing, and the handling of protests and disqualifications, shall be under the jurisdiction of a committee appointed by the M. Y. R. A. A. and whose judgments and decisions shall be irrevocable.

The Measurements and Sailing Rules as adopted by the M. Y. R. A. A. shall govern these races.

The three classes of Sailing Models, namely, Class B, C and D, shall be handicapped from the top rating of each class; that is, the B Class boats shall allow all boats sailing in the C Class time allowance to the top of the C Class, and likewise the B and C Classes shall allow the D Class boats time allowance to the top of the D Class rating.

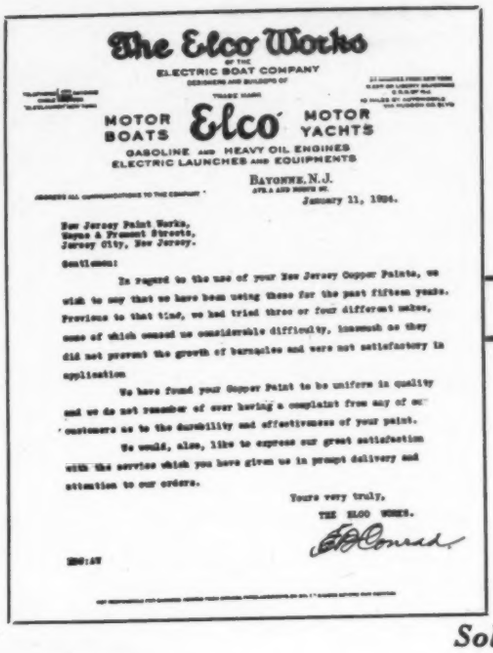
All entries must be received by the Secretary of the M. Y. R. A. A. at least ten (10) days before the date specified herein for the races, which entries must specify the names of the owners, the Class, and the names of the yachts, accompanied by a Certificate of Measurement of each yacht, signed by the Official Measurer, Commodore, and Secretary.

Any protest on the measurement of any yacht to be settled by the Official Measurer of the M. Y. R. A. A.

The place where the races are to be sailed shall be named by the club holding the cup at least sixty (60) days prior to the date named for said races.

PROPERTY

The *Brooklyn Eagle* Perpetual Trophy, when won, shall be the property of the club (for the time being only) whose representative yachts won it, and shall always be held subject to competition as herein set forth.



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Gentlemen:

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We have found your Copper Paint to be uniform in quality and we do not remember of ever having a complaint from any of our customers as to the durability and effectiveness of your paint.

We would, also, like to express our great satisfaction with the service which you have given us in prompt delivery and attention to our orders.

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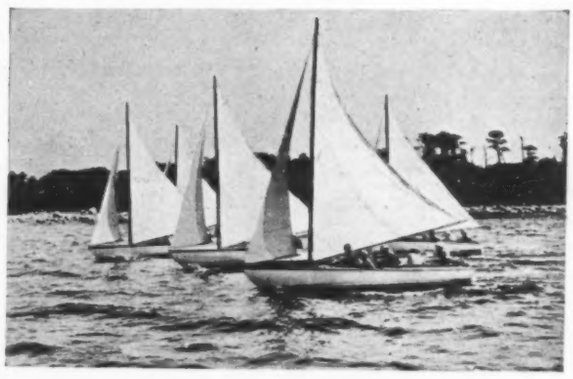

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The baby Knockabout and nine other stock sailboats are offered for 1924. O. A. lengths, 12 ft. upwards. Designs by Burgess, Swasey and Paine; Winslow; Hoyt; and Boardman.

Also 20-ft. dory-type smooth-sided motor-boats

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A 40-footer designed for Mr. Frederick Studebaker Fish of New York. One of many new Consolidated De Luxe designs.

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THESE Consolidated designs represent the latest development in their class: the combination of *comfort* and *speed.*

The twin screw Speedway motor installation satisfies the safety factor and gives both trolling and high speed.

To secure delivery for next season immediate orders must be placed

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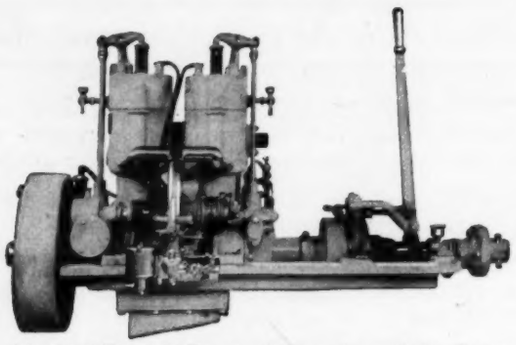
2 to 80 h. p. **1 to 6 cylinders**

For Pleasure and Commercial Service

Unfailing Quality

The fruit of 25 Years of Success in building Marine Power Plants—



Model YT2, 5 H.P., 2 cyl., 4 cycle, weight about 200 lbs.

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Wood Construction Set

This construction set consists of a wooden hull shaped both inside and outside, as per illustration. It was designed to improve the skill of the amateur as a workman. Complete in every respect.

With each of these construction sets full instructions and a blue print are furnished.

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This construction set leaves very little for the amateur to do. The hull is completely finished with one coat of paint, the spars are cut to length but require slight tapering, the sail cloth furnished must be cut to exact shape and hemmed.

Price of either style complete:
East Mo. River.....$18.00 West Mo. River.....$21.50

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Complete Ready to Sail—A Fast 30-in. Racing Sloop.

CURLEW is the largest of our fin keel type racing models, and is by far the most graceful Marconi rigged sloop on the market. Her lines were finally adopted after repeated severe trials against a number of other models of the same length. Specifications:

Length Overall.....30" Draft .....8½"
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Sail Area.....590 sq. in.

Price ready to sail, equipped with "BOUCHER" patented sail shifting device and full equipment:
East Mo. River.....$25.00 West Mo. River.....$30.00

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SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE No. 207

BOUCHER, Inc.

415 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The *Amoy*, a Chinese Junk

(*Continued from page* 38)

by hand and smooth them with adzes. The few tools were chisels, saws, adzes and mallets.

The stem, stern, ribs and water-tight bulkheads were fastened to the keel with wooden trunnels. The planking, all energy-bent, was fastened with bamboo pins. These they find superior to nails in that they never rust, and make a tighter joint when wet. The planking varies in thickness from 2¼ to 2½ inches, and Chinese economy is seen at many points where the planks taper down to an inch in width at the butt. The rolling chucks or bilge keels are half-round sticks.

The calking is decidedly different than with us, for the planks are not placed together and there are many sections where gaps wide enough to insert the hand had been left. Here again Chinese ingenuity becomes apparent. They do not believe in using good cotton for calking if it can be used for some better purpose first. So the cotton is made into fishing nets. When too old to hold fish, they are taken in on the rocks and pounded into a pulp. The pulp is mixed with a preparation of lime and wood oil, called "shinam," and driven into the crevices from both sides. The calking usually is done by apprentices, boys about ten years old. It might be asked if the method is good. The answer is the *Amoy's* performance. She has pounded some 16,000 miles, since she sailed from Amoy, through typhoons off the Aleutian Islands and "popygayos" in the tropics without opening up. No bilge pump is carried, and the little water that comes in is taken out with a rag.

The *Amoy* was built for long trips and small crews. While Captain and Mrs. Waard *can* sail her themselves, they usually take someone along to help out with the steering. In crossing the Pacific they had three Chinese in addition to themselves and their son, Bob. The Chinese left and went back to China. I joined her in San Francisco and sailed in her to New York.. In Colon we picked up Benjamin Whiting, a colored boy, who is acting as steward.

The *Amoy* has a 32-foot keel. From this the ends rise in great arcs to her high bow and stern. While from tip to tip she measures 68 feet, there is but 53 feet of deck. Her water line is 44 feet; the extreme beam is 19½ feet. The bottom is "V" type, but the angle aft is so oblique as to be almost flat. The draft, with rudder raised, is 4 feet.

The *Amoy* has always appealed to me as a marine organism—never as a mere craft built ashore and floated upon the sea. She is a gull, and satisfyingly fleet. To me, who had always dreamed of going to sea in a stocky little ship with stout spars and heavy canvas, the junk was ideal. Æsthetically she was perfect. I was lured away on first sight, and have yet to regret it. It might have been the Orient, but I feel that it was, primarily, the ship. The whole voyage has been like a wonderful dream—"hardships" included.

Still, during the long night watches far out at sea, when a single moonbeam would come out of the black night and glisten on the windy waves, it was real fun to hold tight to the kicking tiller, watch the sails strain under the tons of wind pressure and hear the seas break on the bow with a boom and wash aft with a hiss. There is something *real* about that kind of sailing.

In the recently issued *Star Class Bulletin* the officers of the class state the necessity of observing the rules of the organization. Many other racing classes and racing men can well follow the lead of this well-organized class in defining what the rules are and in seeing that they are lived up to.

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